

17

Felicia & Josephine Ballou
17 Park Place
Salem

1912

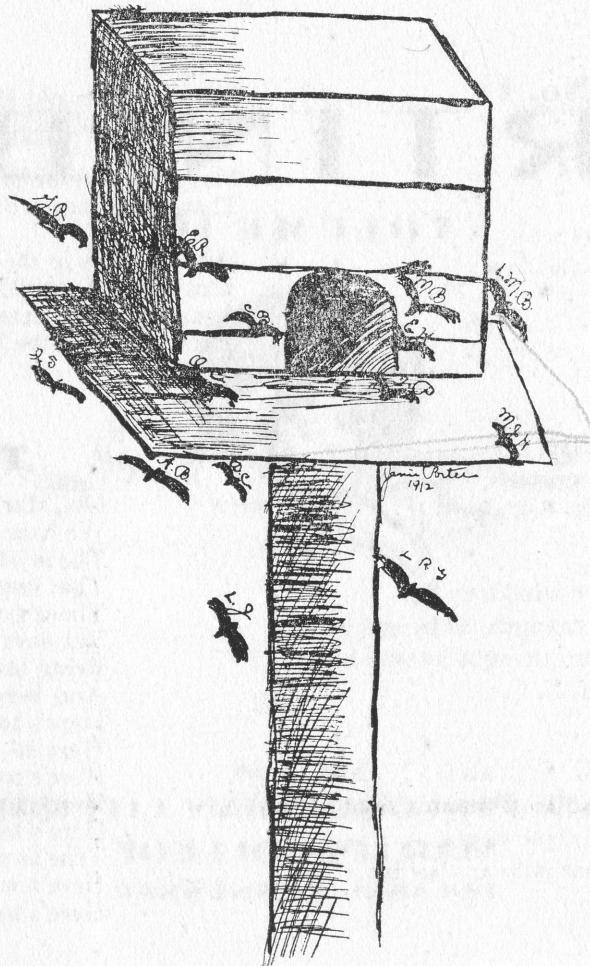
MARTIN BOX

VOLUME II.



ISSUED BY
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MARTIN COLLEGE
PULASKI, TENNESSEE

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Tribute from Clan No. 1

(By the Chief, S. W. C.)

From the Martin Box editors of two years ago
Accept the best wishes, that do our hearts o'er-flow.
We will always be for you, one and all,
Here's to your glory, may it never pall!

Of our youthful annual in 1910,
We were justly proud as we should have been;
But in 1911 came the "Wynn Mill" with its whirls,
You, poor Martin Box, were deserted by the fickle girls.

But as birds mount higher when against the wind they fly,
Did you in striving against the whirls gain strength, 'til by and by
Here in 1912 we find you again, as we always thought 'twould be,
A shining light and an honor to dear old M. F. C.

So here's to you, dear Martin Box and to M. F. C. also,
And to the present editors who have worked like Trojans, I know.
For in the future success which will surely come to you,
We will always feel that a share of the honor is to us also due.

Toast to Martin

Here's to dear old Martin, let us drink as we should,
To the school which has for its standards, that which is great and
good,
May she continue to give forth such knowledge
That others may see the type of womanhood found at Martin College.

May her days in the future be brighter than those which have flown,
That everyone shall be proud their dear Alma Mater to own.
Again, here's to dear old Martin, may her influence wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

GLADYS ROBERTS.

Toast to Martin Girls

Oh, Martin girls, dear Martin girls,
We have not yet forgot—
The mystic haze of student days
That lingers 'bout us yet;
Those golden days for us are past,
But days we spend with you
Bring back to us joys that will last.
And here's our wish for you—
Here's to the Martin College girl,
Here to her charming grace,
Here's to the joy she gives the world,
Here's to her smiling face.
Here's to the hearts that beat for her,
True as the stars above.
Here's wishing that happiness only be hers,
Here's to the Martin girl.



To William Thomas Wynn, President of Martin College, who for four years has so faithfully guided our steps, who by his untiring energy has made strong our many weaknesses, who by his splendid example has made evident to us that his goal is the Great Beyond, do we most affectionately and sincerely dedicate this volume.





WM. T. WYNN.



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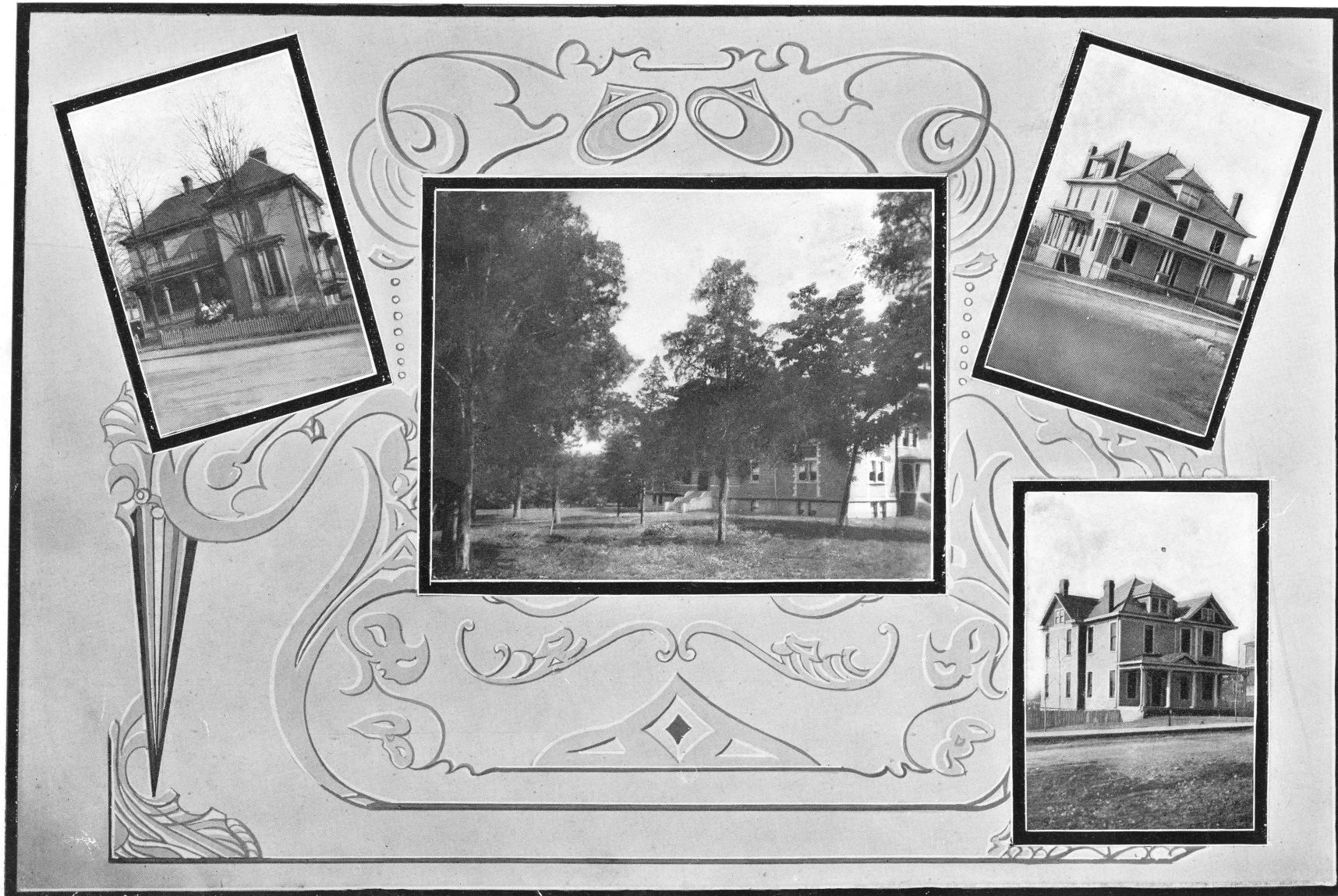
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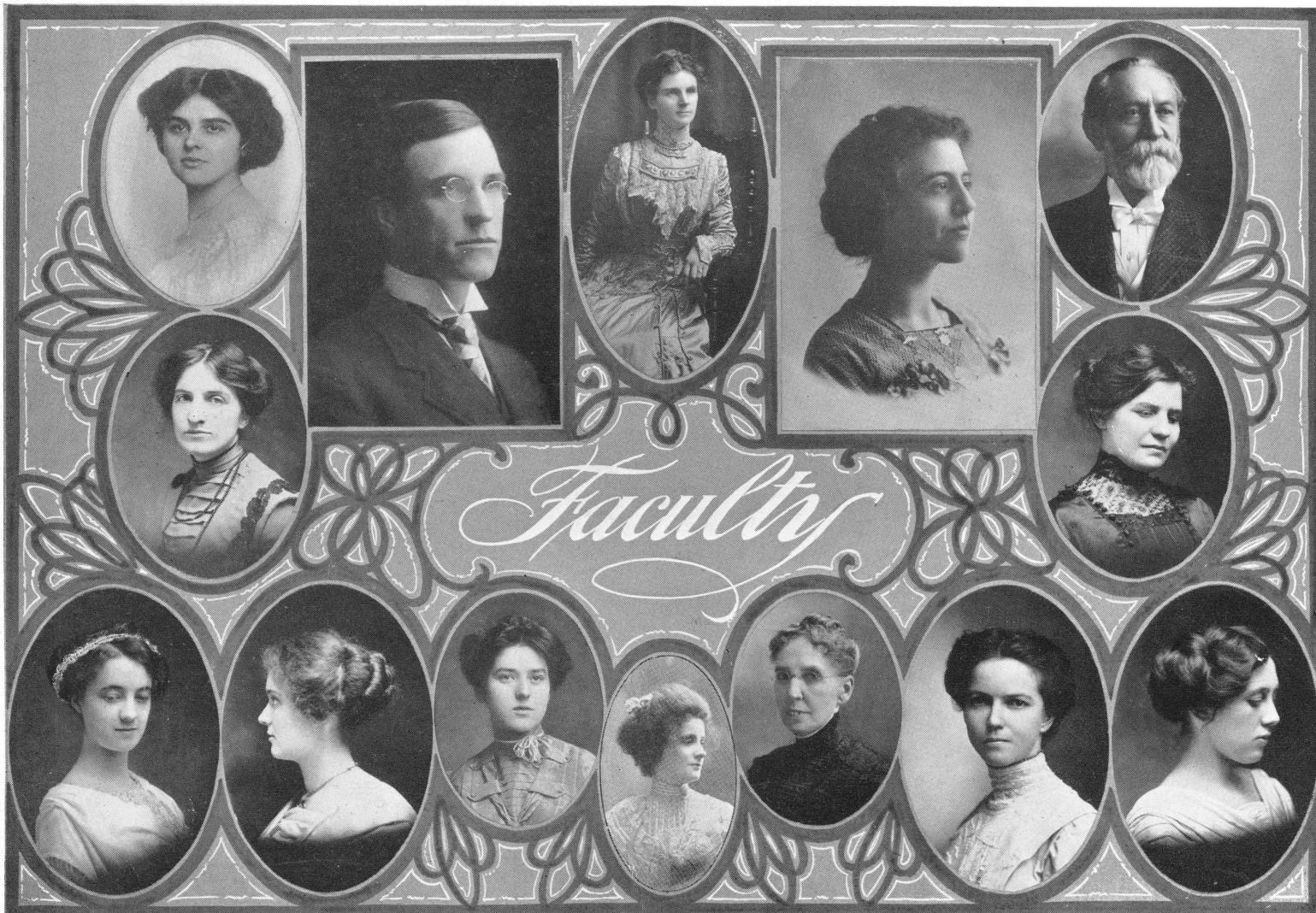
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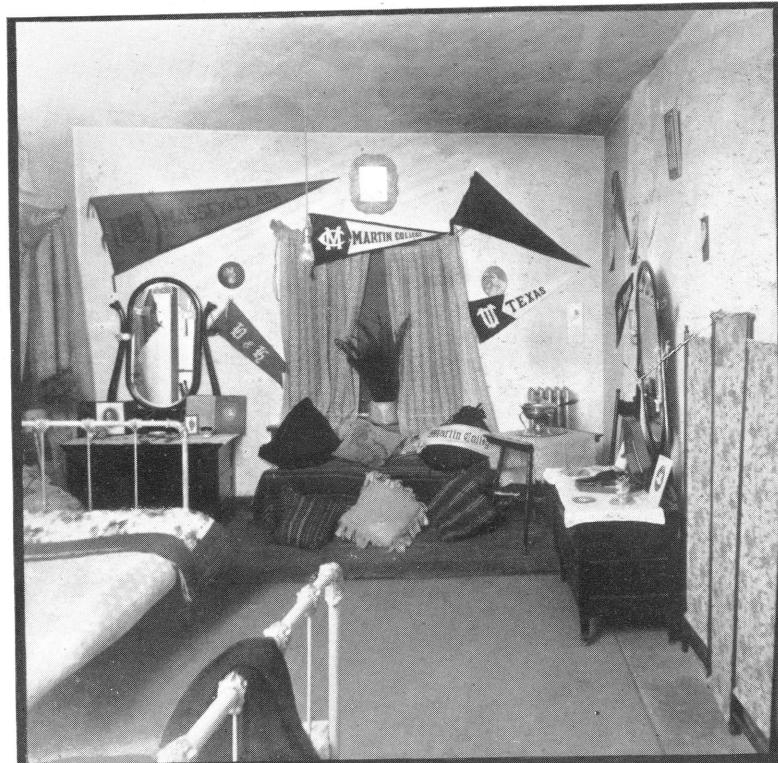
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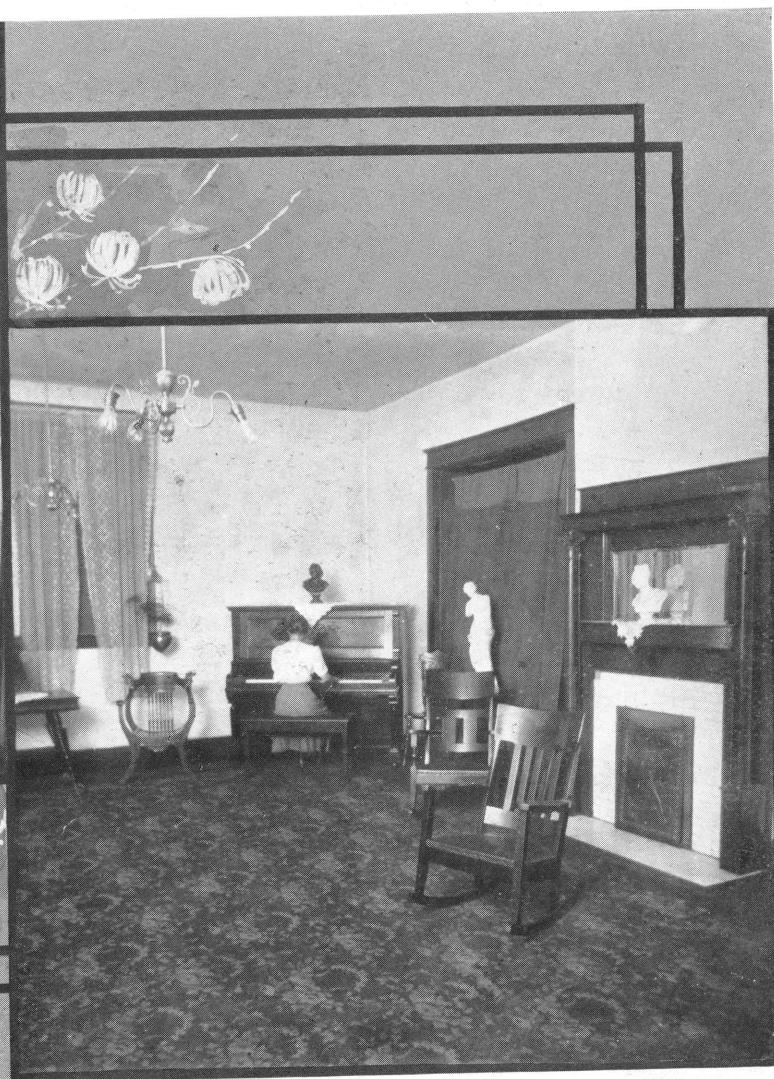
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MRS. WYNN.



STUDENT'S BED ROOM.



CORNER OF PARLOR.





COLORS: Pink and Green.

MOTTO: "Better not be at all than not be noble."

FLOWERS: Kilarney Roses.

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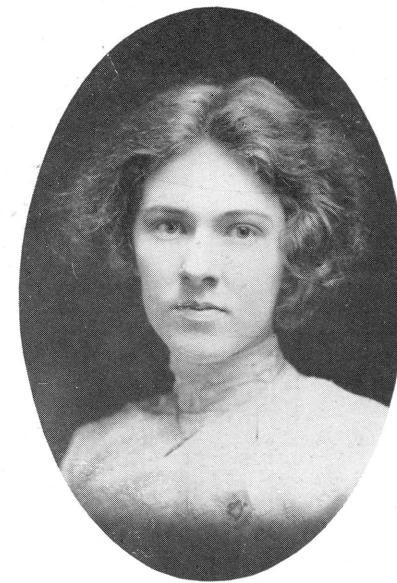
MYRTLE BOULDIN,
Ashland City, Tenn.

Success to our valiant leader and happiness to her achievements.



ALICE BELSER,
Tuscumbia, Ala.

*"Won hearts by her sweet, gentle ways
and by her unselfishness."*



EULALIA HARWELL,
Pisgah, Tenn.

*"To those who know thee not,
No words can paint;
And those who know thee,
Know all words are faint."*



THACKER LEE MURPHY,
Opelika, Ala.

*"Knowledge is no more a fountain
sealed."*



LEILA MAI BOOTH,
(Post Graduate),
Pulaski, Tenn.

*"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
divinely fair."*



ANNIE CLARKE,
Abbeville, Ala.

*"Dwarfish stature, it's the little things
that count."*



CREOLA BAIRD,
Prospect, Tenn.

"Individuality is her secret charm."



LILLIE REID GRIGSBY,
Pulaski, Tenn.

"Little girls have big ways."



JANIE PORTER,
Pulaski, Tenn.

"Quiet, unobtrusive girl."



ELIZABETH RUSSEL,
Williamsport, Tenn.

*For words like nature, half reveal
Half conceal the soul within.*



GLADYS ROBERTS,
Lewisburg, Tenn.

A silent girl, thoughtful, grave, serene.



OLA CRAWFORD,
Thompson Station, Tenn.

*"A truer and more sincere heart never
beat within a human breast."*



IRENE SCALES,
Pulaski, Tenn.

"An open-hearted maiden, true and pure."



SALLIE DALY REAVIS,
Lewisburg, Tenn.

*"An artist of true inspiration, who with
her music wakens the soul to a higher and
truer joy."*



RACHEL AYMETT,
Pisgah, Tenn.

"Music hath her soul enriched."



FRANCIS KINZER,
Sawdust Valley, Tenn.

*"Her music hath charms to soothe the
savage beasts."*



LOUISE REYNOLDS,
Pulaski, Tenn.

*"A silver-tongued interpreter of the mes-
sage of music,
That speaks to the heart."*



History of Senior Class



EVERY creation fashioned by the hand of the Almighty has had a history. So, in the course of events, the Class of 1912 has had a *beginning*. But to write a history of this class successfully would require the poetic gift of a Longfellow, the humor of a Mark Twain, and the imagination of a Shakespeare.

Of course this wonderful class of a dozen members has many things of which to be proud. First, we have the honor, if you care to call it so, of being the first set of girls to begin the life of Freshmen under Mr. Wynn. In September, 1908, four short years ago—or I should have said four *long* years ago—such as it has seemed to us, there gathered into the chapel of Martin College, “that famous institution of learning,” a crowd of girls, who came not only to begin their educational career but who had heard that a “Wynn” had blown over Alabama into Tennessee and had struck Martin College and they came to see what damage it had done.

Although we started with a large number of Freshmen, it was only a short time before some of them decided that they were “smart enough” without worrying with Latin, Mathematics, Rhetoric, etc., and some even came to the conclusion that married life would be more profitable than school life. But there were five out of this number who decided that “knowledge was no longer a fountain seal’d”, and that they would strive for the higher education of woman.

We managed to live through this year with all the trials and hardships of Freshmen and again in September, 1909, these five girls came back to Martin to take their stand as great and honorable Sophomores, for truly we felt as important as the Seniors. This year, several new members were added to our number and for nine long months we sought for all there was in “Milton’s Minor Poems” and English Literature.

But sweet is the memory when we became united in the bonds of Juniordom. As none of our new Sophomore members returned to be Juniors with us, we five again met for another siege of events. So really by this time Myrtle, Eulalia, Janie, Irene and the historian were beginning to feel as if they were sisters.

But it was not long before a member of the Sophomore Class asked admittance into our number. So after serious consideration we decided that she would be an aid to our class. We allowed her the privilege of joining us under the condition that she spend at least four hours a day on the study of the “Development of the Novel” and also as much time on her other classes as we should see fit to require of her. Under all of these restrictions, Creola willingly consented to become one of us; and from her present size it has evidently agreed with her.

Then Annie Clark, the tallest member we could possibly find, came all the way from southern Alabama to have the honor bestowed

upon her as being a Senior of '12. At the end of this term we did not see how it was possible that there could be any more knowledge for us to seek. But as a "Wynn" is continually doing something that you are not expecting, we thought the seven Juniors should return to see what it could do with us as Seniors.

So again on the twenty-first of September, 1911, seven girls met at old Martin with an entirely different feeling than that of four years past; with a deeper insight into real life. This time there were two Juniors, an Ola and an Elizabeth, who wished to join us, so with very rigid rules we admitted them. We discovered that there was an Alice and a Gladys who expected to be Seniors also. As Alice was very pretty and as "Felix the Great" said her intentions were good, we thought she would add to the looks of our class, for we all admit that that was what we lacked and as Gladys promised faithfully to be dignified and to write all of our English papers for us, we concluded that they both should be initiated into our fold. But it was with fear and trembling that we heard that there was one girl who contemplated being a Senior for she was an "Elk" and it was said that her father was a school teacher and we feared she might surpass us. But Thack, "Sweetie", has proved to be "our pal", if a senior may be allowed to use such an expression.

The last, but by no means the least of this wonderful class, are our two so-called honorary members, Leila Mae, "daughter of the gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair," and Lucile, the genius. These two have the honor of saying that they were of the class of 1911 but came back this year to aid in pushing us through our Senior English.

Now, we can truthfully say that the best of the four years has just passed. We have stood for something noble; for loyalty and high standards. We have had our misfortunes and our downfalls but we have fought a good fight. Immensely have we cherished the Senior privileges that are yearned after by the Juniors, that the Sophomores have "heard of" and a knowledge of which the Freshmen do not possess.

But the success we have attained is due largely to our most worthy faculty, who have always pointed upward and onward. Now we are about to step out into a new world of which we know but little, let us intrust ourselves and our future history to Him who will ever protect us and be our guide.

LILLIE REID GRIGSBY, *Historian.*



Senior Class Poem

Fourteen lovely mermaids,
Tossed upon Life's sea—
The delicate shades
Of school-life fades,
No more lessons to be.

Our last old year at Martin;
Glad? Well you may guess,
Duty done,
Victory won,
We leave our books to the rest.

First, our ideal, Myrtle;
Then Creola, our next best lass;
Then Thacker Lee
And Janie
(Tho' you'd never know they belonged to the class).

We've tried to do our duty,
And we tried hard not to fail.
'Twas our best,
Nothing less,
Then to dear old Martin—All hail.

Fifth on the list comes Annie,
And Lucile, kind to all.
Here are seen,
Six of the fourteen
To leave dear Martin's halls.

Alice, our dark-haired beauty;
Lilly Reid, the mischief maker;
Eulalia, sweet,
Irene, neat,
And Gladys the Senior "Faker".

Then Leila Mai, member of the editors' staff,
Tho' to see her, you'd call her a pole,
Ola, dear,
Elizabeth, here,
We find two from the Junior roll.

E. RUSSELL.

The Seniors

We bid farewell to happy days,
They are no more to be;
For the happiest days of all our lives
Were spent at dear old M. C.

We'll miss the dear old dinner bell,
The rising bell and all;
And the little bell we hear at night
That rings for study-hall.

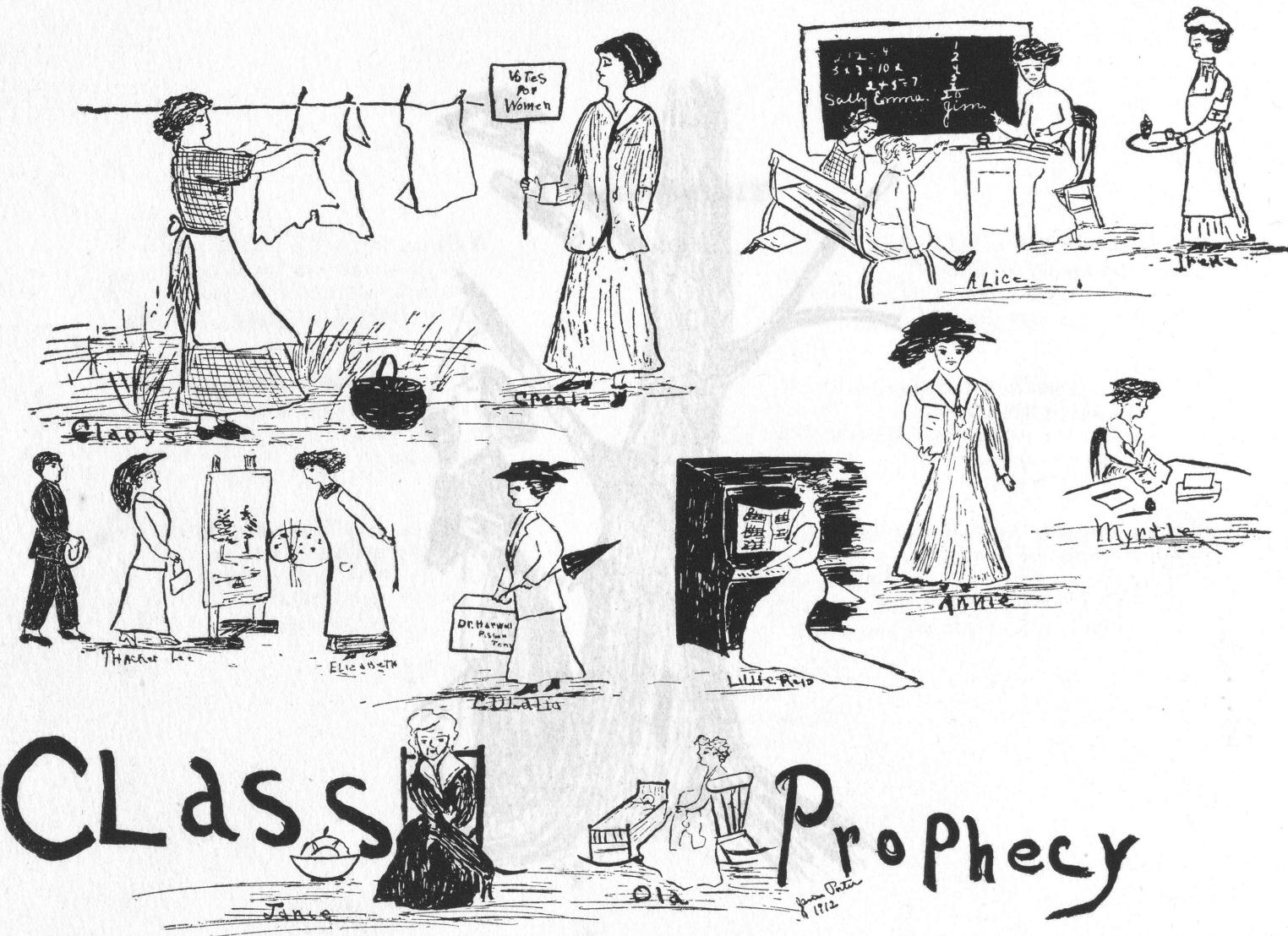
Our shopping days on Thursday,
Our little walks at four;
And the meeting days on Sunday,
Which never seemed a bore.

To the school-mates who come back next fall,
We wish a happy spell,
"Keep pushing on and don't give up,"—
And now we bid—"Farewell."

We'll say farewell to school-mates,
To classmates one and all;
They will help to fill our places
When they enter again next fall.

We'll miss our dear old teachers,
How we love them, we can't tell;
But they kept us in some-times
Because we didn't hear the bell.

Next year they'll miss our faces
Among the happy throng;
They'll miss us in gymnasium,
And in the morning song.





Junior Class

MOTTO: Neglect not the gift that is within thee.

COLORS: Lavender and White.

FLOWER: White Carnation.

President	- - - - -	LESSIE GREY TACKER
Vice-President	- - - - -	LUCILLE TURNER
Secretary and Treasurer	- - - - -	MARY MARCH
Historian	- - - - -	ELIZABETH ABERNATHY
Prophet	- - - - -	MAMIE MADRAY
Poet	- - - - -	MAGGIE MAUD COX

CLASS ROLL.

ELIZABETH ABERNATHY
WINNIE DAVIS ALLEN
JOANA BRANSFORD
RUTH COKER
MAGGIE MAUD COX
CHLOE DEATON
ELIZABETH EGGLESTON
JOSEPHINE EGGLESTON
BIRDIE MILLER
EUGENE MONTGOMERY

MIRIAM MASON
ELSIE MCCORD
EUGENIA MCKNIGHT
MAMIE MADRAY
MARY MARCH
EDITH PONDER
ETHEL LEE RAMBO
NORA D. SHAW
LESSIE GREY TACKER
ALBERTA WILSON
LUCILLE TURNER *



Junior Poem

Beneath the old elm tree there slept
A junior of nineteen hundred and twelve,
She dreamed that life was beauty
But woke and found that life was duty.

So let us then be up and doing
With a will that's ever strong,
And master all our difficulties,
For that's the way to make life long.

Always have courage, dear Juniors,
And be not content that former worth stands fast,
But look forward, persevering to the last,
And from well to better the daily self surpass.

Only one more year we Juniors
Have to worry and to fret,
For next year we'll be Seniors,
And all our troubles we'll forget.

MAGGIE MAUD COX, *Poet.*



Junior Class Song

Gone are the days
When we were Freshmen green;
Gone are the days
When they called us Sophies mean;
Gone from that class
To higher paths we soar,
We hear the Senior voices calling
"Come on, Junior."

CHORUS—

We're coming, we're coming;
But exams are in our way;
We'll reach the goal while shouting
"All O. K."

We are the class
That does everything just right;
We are the class
That studies so well at night;
We will be glad
When our school days are no more
But still we hear the Seniors calling,
"Come on, Junior."

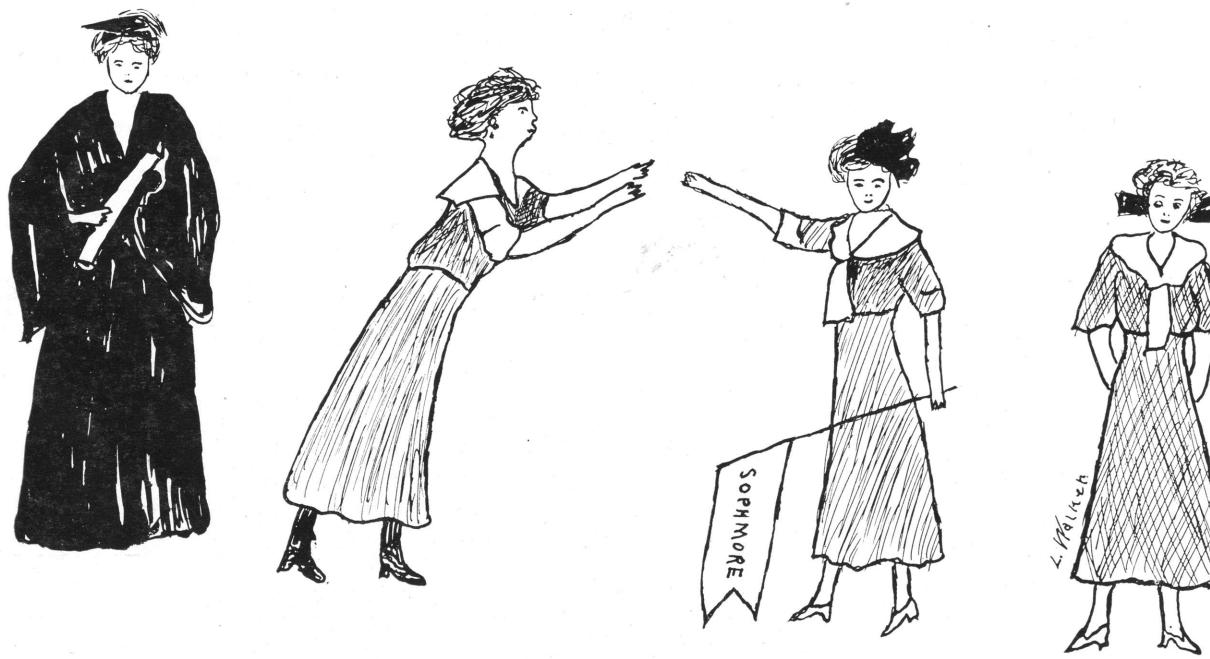
MAMIE MADRAY.

Junior Class History

You have probably heard someone prophesy that the world will come to an end the last of May, 1913; and, indeed, the stars foretell some great event on that date which will influence every person on the earth. Poor people, yet if we did not know any more than they do we would be frightened too.

The great event that all nature is proclaiming is not the end of the world, but the graduation of the Junior Class of 1912 from Martin College. For when we go out into the world which needs us so much, there will be such a change everywhere, such a turning from the bad to the good as never was heard of in all history. We have fully realized our importance since the time when we were Freshmen—long, long years ago, and during the three years that we have been in the college, we have made such a record that in future generations teachers will point their poor, struggling students to the Junior Class of 1912, with the injunction, "Hitch your wagon to a star, etc."

ELIZABETH ABERNATHY, *Historian.*



Sophomore Class

MOTTO: "Blessed is he who has found his work."

COLORS: Royal Purple and Gold.

FLOWER: Pansy

YELL.

Rah, rah, hurrah!
Hurrah, rah, rah!
Rah, rah, hurrah!
Sophomore!

President	- - - - -	CHARLINE CHERRY
Vice-President	- - - - -	FRANCIS KINZER
Secretary and Treasurer	- - - - -	SARAH SMITH
Poet	- - - - -	MYRTLE WILLIAMS
Prophet	- - - - -	LILLIAN JOHNSON

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FRANCIS KINZER
CARRIE MAY
MYRTLE McGHEE
ELIZABETH MONTGOMERY
LEAH PARKER
FELICIA PATTERSON
JOSEPHINE PATTERSON
ELSIE PETWAY
VERA PRICE
SARAH SMITH
LUCILE WALKER
MARGARET WALLACE
BERTHA WELLER
MARY WIKLE
MYRTLE WILLIAMS
FANNIE LOU WINDHAM



The Sophomore Birds

THE NEST.

Snugly housed in the *Martin's* nest,
O'er a carpet of singing *Grasses*.
Puff! the *Wynns* blow—you know the rest,
How happy and timid are "Softmore" lasses
Of nineteen hundred and twelve.
Mid pathways of *Fern* and hedges of *Myrtle*,
Or "sitting right down" mid *Cannon's* deep roar,
"Right much" we must walk and sometimes we hurtle
Each other in reaching the dining room door.

THE TRAINING DIET.

Castor Emulsion and Epsom! O shaw!
(Lessons are better than physic like that),
And plenty of "grit" to mix in the craw,
Sent to our rooms—"lights out" like bats
(Soon be in China a "Coolie" with rats!).

FIRST CHIRP.

O! for a touch of indigestion we pine!
Forgive the joke—"Merely a suggestion of mine."

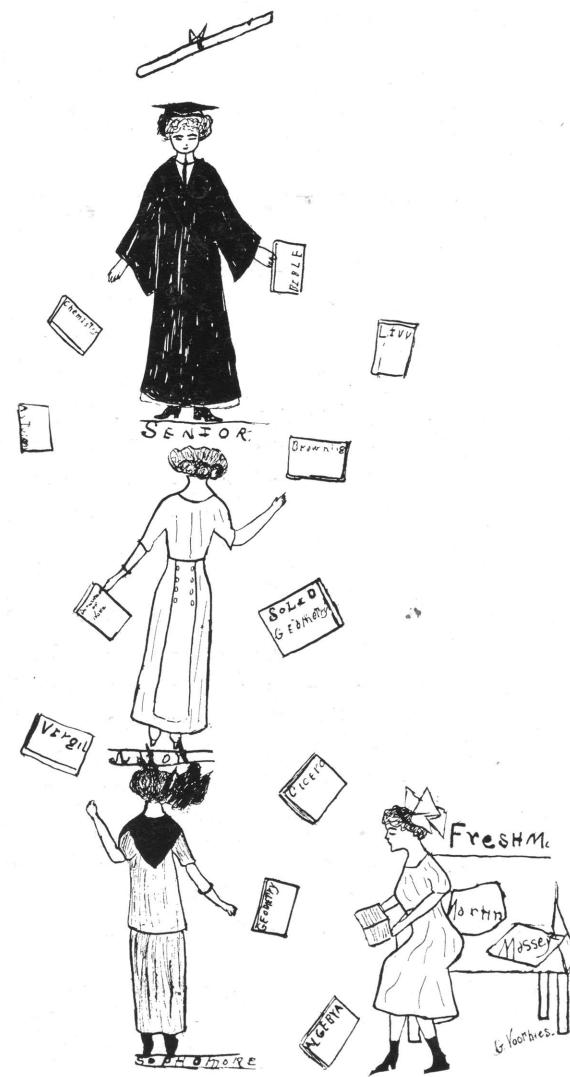
SONG.

Now don't be too hard on us light-hearted lasses,
In time we've resolved to help reach the *Masse(y)s*,
Nor say we forget our deep obligation,
Each can recall *One* made last vacation,
Teachers were young once with bright eyes gleaming
Even now we suspect "by firelight they sit dreaming"
Each, too, has a heart if it hasn't been stolen,
Now give us a chance while chances are golden.

CHORUS.

Two *Moore* years of study and fears
We then "on high notes all will smile,"
Each memory dear or dark day drear
Like Mizpah stones we'll gladly pile,
Vowing right here, to keep for e'er
Each tutor's prayer to keep from guile.

CHARLINE CHERRY.





The History of the Freshman Class

The first that was heard of the now famous Freshman Class was on November the fourteenth, the day that we organized ourselves into a band for the good of one another and of Martin. We have made little history, but we intend to make for ourselves a glowing future.

We are striving to gain the goal which we have set, and that is to be the best class of girls that has ever gone forth from Martin walls into the social, business, or matrimonial world. We have many, many brilliant girls in our class but this book will not give me space to tell all.

Never in all history has the Sophomore class failed to pick at the Freshmen and the Sophomores of Martin are not an exception to the rule. They need not feel their importance so keenly ; for they are only one step ahead of us on the educational ladder and there is danger of them "balking" on one round. We sincerely hope that not one of them will be left over next year to join our happy band. The Juniors and Seniors are very nice to us and we are grateful for the good examples which they are setting before us.

When we arrive at Senior Station, we will publish the MARTIN Box of nineteen and fifteen in which we will tell you just how we reached our goal.



Freshman Class

MOTTO: The weather is all right just so the "Wynn" don't blow.

CLASS COLOR: Light blue and white.

CLASS FLOWER: Forget-me-not.

YELL.

Zingo! Zango!
Zinga! Zanga! Zah!
Freshmen! Freshies!
Hoodle, Doodle, Rah!

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Vice Dux	- - - - -	RUTH ESLICK
Secretary and Treasurer	- - - - -	BESSIE HARRIS
Historian	- - - - -	GLADYS VOORHIES
Poet	- - - - -	EDNA SIMPSON
Prophet	- - - - -	MARGARET HOWARD

MEMBERS OF THE FRESHMAN CLASS.

ANNIE ABERNATHY	AILEEN OWENS
DONNA BRUCE	ELIZABETH OLIVER
ROBBIE COOLEY	ANNIE PAULK
RUTH ESLICK	MILDRED ROBERTS
WILMA GARRETT	MILDRED RALSTON
BROWNIE GARRETT	RUBY RANDOLPH
SARAH MAY GRAVLEE	SAMMIE SMITH
MARGARET HOWARD	KATHERINE STONE
BESSIE HARRIS	ADELAIDE SEVIER
SALLIE B. HOLT	PAULINE SWANN
CORINNE HARRIS	BESSIE SISK
MARY CLARK JONES	EDNA SIMPSON
ANNIE RUTH LEE	GLADYS VOORHIES
INEZ MEADOWS	LIZZIE WILSON
BEULAH NICHOLS	SAM ELLA WALLACE
	HELEN WRIGHT



Sub-Freshman Class

MOTTO: "We work, we win."

FLOWER: Lily of Valley.

COLOR: Gold and Black.

OFFICERS.

LILLIE MOORE POWERS	- - - - -	President
CLARISSA RAGSDALE	- - - - -	Secretary and Treasurer
RUTH PORTER	- - - - -	Historian
ANNALEE KELLUM	- - - - -	Prophet

MEMBERS.

SUSYE ADKINS	
ELIZABETH BAUGH	
MARGARET BAUGH	
ISABEL BUTLER	
MARIE BOOTH	
GERTRUDE DUNAVANT	
EMMA FAIRES	
ROBBIE GAULT	
BESSIE GILBERT	
FRANCES HAMPTON	
FRANCES JACKSON	
ZELMA KING	
ANNALEE KELLUM	

BESSIE LOCHE	
BEULAH NICHOLS	
RUTH PORTER	
LILLIE MOORE POWERS	
CLARISSA RAGSDALE	
MARGARET GILLIAM	
ALMA GARRETT	
CORINNE HARRIS	
BEATRICE ROBERTS	
ALICE SWINEY	
EMMA WRIGHT	
IMOGENE WILSON	
ELIZABETH YANCY	

Sub-Freshman History

Out, I say! Make room for the Sub-freshmen, we are the merry class of Martin College. Now don't sigh, for we are a progressive class of a large number, and don't mind the flight of time; full of fun, and we are considered the leaders of mischief. We have selected for our leader Lilly Moore Powers and she thinks she has the "power" to control us.

Nearly all of this class began work under Miss Sallie Shapard and we were with her until the sixth year and then came into the chapel with fear and trembling of what was coming to us. But now we think we are nearly as big as the Seniors and know as much as our teachers. Our class colors are old gold and blue and our flower is the violet. We work; we win; and we hope that every member of this class will come out victorious in every thing undertaken during the next four years.

Fare-well, Sub-freshmen,
Let's travel on
And make our work
Like play and song.

Pretty soon we'll finish,
And then, Oh! Gee—
Our fun will be over
At old M. C.

RUTH PORTER, *Historian.*

Sub-Freshman Class Poem

We are the subs of Old Martin,
So merry, joyous, and "free";
We love each other dearly,
And are happy as happy can be.

Although we are only beginners,
We have troubles as well as the rest;
The first is our *beloved* old "Latin,"
Which seems most divinely blest.

In laughing, comes "Mr. Algebra,"
And English draws 'round with a grin;
For they know we will all have good lessons
Especially English, for Mr. Wynn.

Then before the day is well ended,
Come other lessons one and all;
So little troubles added to troubles,
Make troubles that last the whole fall.

But we must still keep up courage
And try our burdens to bear;
For the duties will still be greater
When we enter again next year.

L. M. POWERS.



The Sub-Collegiate Class

MOTTO: "Be a hero in the strife."

FLOWER: White Carnation.

YELL.

Ha, ha, ra, ra
Sub-Collegiate, Sub-Collegiate
That's what we are.

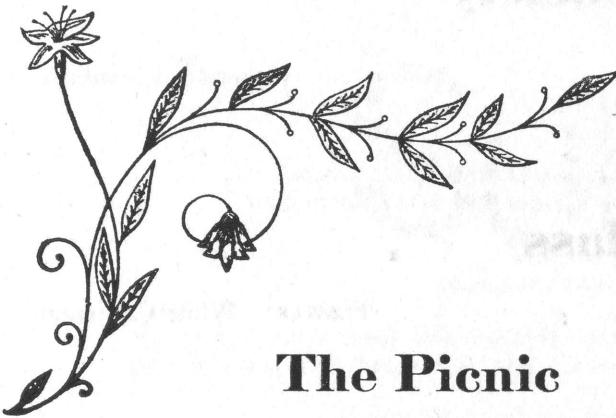
OFFICERS.

President	- - - - -	PATTIE HARWELL
Secretary and Treasurer	- - - - -	WILLA MAY

ENROLLMENT.

PATTIE HARWELL
MILDRED KING
LOUISE MCKENNON
WILLA MAY

LUCY MAY
FLORENCE PENNINGTON
GOLDEN SPEER
GRADY MAY SPEER



The Picnic

"THE" picnic given for the Martin girls and Massey boys at Mr. Ewing's handsome home, Crescent View, has made us objects of envy for the graduates and "quits" of past years of Martin. It would be beyond my power to describe every enjoyable feature of that memorable day and I shall not attempt to do credit to Messrs. Wynn, Massey and Ewing; however, I will relate most of the things in which the world, at large would be interested—omitting, of course, the pranks played upon the *hearts* of the two schools, by the little blind god, for many of our school-girl fancies (?) have been reckoned from the twenty-seventh of October, 1911.

We left Pulaski at eleven o'clock a. m., and had a delightful three-mile-ride on the south-bound train, crowding in dining and pullman cars at large. Mr. Ewing, indeed, possessed the hospitality

of a true southern born gentleman; for he immediately made us at home by throwing open the doors, admitting us to the lovely interior. Boys and girls flocked everywhere; from the inspection of the kitchen to sight seeing on the roof—all in the flutter of happy excitement.

We played ball, walked, rode, enjoyed the swings, and continued our inspection of the beautiful rooms, while some of our more dignified seniors made themselves comfortable in the library—preferring as company, Byron, Tennyson, and Browning, rather than the genii of Massey.

At noon, dinner was called, and a dinner it was. Just the things that appeal to those of the college world. Mr. Ewing furnished delicious milk from his dairy, which added greatly to the feast. After eating until the older members of the party feared greatly for our comfort as well as health, we made a trip to the dairy tho some few preferred the mirrors and chamois-skin after inspection and admiration at both places. The time seemed to break the speed limit.

We boarded the "5:00 o'clock northbound" and landed safely "home" tired, but happy. It was a day which the 1912 girls and boys will ever remember—perhaps a few may look back some 10 years in the future and admit it to be the *one* day of their lives. We all join in gratitude to Messrs. Ewing, Wynn and Massey—(also the boys.)

M. CHILDERS.

Philosophian Literary Society

COLORS: Green and White.

MOTTO: "Quality not quantity."

FLOWER: Carnation.

President—

1st term—EULALIA HARWELL
2d term—MARY MARCH

Vice President—

1st term—EUGENE MONTGOMERY
2d term—MAMIE MADRAY

Secretary—

1st term—MAGGIE MAUDE COX
2d term—LILLIAN JOHNSON

Treasurer—

1st term—SARAH SMITH
2d term—SARAH SMITH

Program Committee—1st term—FELICIA PATTERSON, MARY MARCH, and BESSIE GILBERT. 2nd term—EULALIA HARWELL, ELIZABETH ABERNATHY, and GLADYS ROBERTS.

OFFICERS—1911-1912.

Critics—

1st term—GLADYS ROBERTS and RUTH COKER
2d term—FRANCES KINZER and RUBY RANDOLPH

Chaplain—

1st term—LILLIAN GRAY
2d term—MARGARET CHILDERS

Marshalls—

1st term—LIZZIE WILSON and JOSEPHINE PATTERSON
2d term—MARY CLARKE JONES and ANNIE RUTH LEE

Pianist—

1st term—SALLIE DALY REAVIS
2d term—SALLIE DALY REAVIS

CHOIR.

MAGGIE MAUD COX
MARGARET CHILDERS

RUBY RANDOLPH
BROWNIE GARRETT

RUTH SMITH
FRANCES KINZER

LIZZIE WILSON
ANNIE PAULK

ELISE SMITH
ROBBIE COOLEY

MEMBERS.

Elizabeth Abernathy
Annie Abernathy
Orlean Austin
Leila Mai Boothe
Margaret Childers
Maggie Maud Cox
Ruth Coker
Robbie Cooley
Ruth Eslick
Lillie Reid Grigsby
Lillian Gray
Bessie Gilbert
Alma Garrett

Wilma Garrett
Brownie Garrett
Eulalia Harwell
Mary Harrell
Sallie B. Holt
Mary Clarke Jones
Lillian Johnson
Frances Kinzer
Annie Lee Kellum
Zelma King
Annie Ruth Lee
Bessie Locke
Eugene Montgomery

Mamie Madray
Willa May
Lucy May
Mary March
Miriam Mason
Louise McKennon
Inez Meadows
Beulah Nichols
Aileen Owens
Annie Paulk
Josephine Patterson
Felicia Patterson
Lillie Moore Powers

Mildred Roberts
Gladys Roberts
Sallie Daly Reavis
Sarah Smith
Sammie Smith
Elise Smith
Ruth Smith
Julia Shriver
Edna Simpson
Louise Smithson
Helen Wright
Lizzie Wilson
Mattie Kirk



History of Philosophian Literary Society

Since October 11, 1908, when Miss Ida Patrick named us "Lovers of Wisdom," Philosophians, we have been making rapid progress in the literary world. Although our society has never been great in number, both in number and in our work we have kept constant watch on our motto, "Quality not quantity." From the time the Philosophian Society was organized it has been a success under the management of the following officers—

1908.

President	- - - - -	NAN WHITE
Vice President	- - - - -	ELIZABETH BAKER
Secretary	- - - - -	WILBURN DUNAVANT
Treasurer	- - - - -	ANNIE KING

1909.

FIRST TERM:—

President	—ELOISE SEARCY
Vice President	—MATTIE LANE McMILLION
Secretary	—MARY THOMAS
Treasurer	—ANNIE KING

1910.

President	—SALLIE WILL CLARK
Vice President	—RUTH WORLEY
Secretary	—FLORENCE GILBERT
Treasurer	—EULALIA HARWELL

1911.

President	—EULALIA HARWELL
Vice President	—EUGENE MONTGOMERY
Secretary	—MAGGIE MAUD COX
Treasurer	—SARAH SMITH

1909.

SECOND TERM:—

President	—RUTH WORLEY
Vice President	—MARY THOMAS
Secretary	—ROBERTA McLAURINE
Treasurer	—EULALIA HARWELL

1910.

President	—LEILA MAI BOOTHE
Vice President	—GEORGE ETHEL REED
Secretary	—FLORENCE GILBERT
Treasurer	—LILLIE REID GRIGSBY

1911.

President	—MARY MARCH
Vice President	—MAMIE MADRAY
Secretary	—LILLIAN JOHNSON
Treasurer	—SARAH SMITH

History of Phi Kappa Society

True to its motto, "Strive to Surpass," the Phi Kappa Society is still striving on toward greater heights of success. The organization was perfected on Wednesday morning, Nov. 11, 1908, Miss Annie Butler being the first President. Our first attempt in the financial line was made on Feb. 19, 1909, when we gave a bazaar, from which we realized \$30, which has since served us as a "nest egg." In the spring of 1910, the Phi Kappa Society in union with the Philosophian Society published Vol. I. of "The Martin Box." The two societies last spring started a publication, "The Wynn Mill," which was favorably received, but it has not been renewed this year. The society has had the following capable presidents: Annie Butler, Myrtle Bouldin, Katherine Collins, Elizabeth Wade, Lessie Grey Tacker, and Creola Baird.

The growth of the Phi Kappa Society has been rapid, for teachers and pupils have worked together in the endeavor to make it "The Best."

L. T.



Phi Kappa Literary Society

MOTTO—"Strive to Surpass."

COLORS: White and Gold.

Flower: Daisy

President—

1st term—LESSIE G. TACKER
2d term—CREOLA BAIRD

Vice President—

1st term—CREOLA BAIRD
2d term—ALICE BELSER

Secretary—

1st term—JANIE PORTER
2d term—LUCILE TURNER

Treasurer—

1st term—MINNIE LEE STONE
2d term—LESSIE GREY TACKER

OFFICERS.

Pianist—

1st term—BESSIE OWINGS
2d term—NORA SHAW

Critic—

1st term—CHARLINE CHERRY
2d term—LUCILE HUNTER

Chaplain—

1st term—ELIZABETH EGGLESTON
2nd term—EMMA WRIGHT

Marshalls—

1st term—ELISE DOSS and MYRTLE McGEE
2d term—IRENE SCALES and ETHEL LEE RAMBO

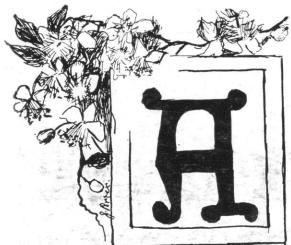
MEMBERS.

Adkins, Susye
Allan, Winnie
Arrowsmith, Elizabeth
Aymett, Rachel
Baird, Creola
Baily, Myrtle
Baugh, Elizabeth
Baugh, Margaret
Belser, Bess
Belser, Alice
Bouldin, Myrtle
Bruce, Bessie
Bruce, Donna
Bransford, Joanna
Butler, Isabel
Cherry, Charlaine
Clarke, Annie
Clarke, Rathma
Crawford, Ola
Deaton, Chloe
Dunavant, Gertrude

Doss, Elise
Eggleson, Josephine
Eggleson, Elizabeth
Eggleson, Julia Plummer
Fairis, Emma
Gault, Robbie
Gilliam, Margaret
Gray, Maggie
Hampton, Frances
Harwell, Mary Jo
Harwell, Patti
Harrell, Ruth
Harris, Bessie
Heriges, Lucile
Hunter, Lucile
Howard, Margaret
Jackson, Francis
King, Mildred
May, Carrie
McGee, Myrtle
McKnight, Eugenia

Miller, Birdie
Montgomery, Elizabeth
McCord, Elsie
Murphy, Thacker Lee
Oliver, Elizabeth
Parker, Leah
Pennington, Florence
Petway, Elsie
Price, Vera
Porter, Ruth
Porter, Janie
Ragsdale, Clarisa
Ralston, Mildred
Roberts, Beatrice
Rambo, Ethel Lee
Russel, Elizabeth
Scales, Irene
Sevier, Adelaide
Speer, Gladie Mai
Speer, Golden
Shaw, Nora
Sisk, Bessie
Stone, Katherine
Swiney, Alice
Swann, Pauline
Tacker, Lessie Grey
Turner, Lucile
Voorhies, Gladys
Walker, Lucile
Wallace, Margaret
Wikle, Mary
Weller, Bertha
Wilson, Alberta
Wallace, Sanella
Wilson, Imogene
Windham, Fannielou
Wright, Emma
Yancey, Elizabeth
Graylee, Sarah May
Booth, Marie
Ponder, Edith





FLOWER: Pansy

Alpha Society

MOTTO: "How good to live and learn."

COLORS: Blue and White

OFFICERS.

President	- - - - -	MARGARET ALEXANDER
Vice-President	- - - - -	MAURINE MURRAY
Treasurer	- - - - -	MAGGIE EMILINE LEE
Secretary	- - - - -	MAXWELL ZUCCARELLO
Chaplain	- - - - -	HUGH PRESTON RHEA
Marshalls	- - - - -	ROBERTA CRUMP and ALICE WILKINSON

MEMBERS.

Abernathy, Virginia
Abernathy, Wiley
Adkins, Helen
Alexander, Margaret
Baugh, Hansell
Cannon, Dowden
Long, Lula
Ledbetter, Coleman
McCord, Kenneth
May, Virginia Lee

May, Marvin
Moore, Carol
Cohen, Ethel
Cohen, Solomon
Craig, Francis
Craig, Katherine
Crump, Roberta
Douglass, Mary K.
Garrett, Lucile

Gladish, Hugh
Gordon, William
Holt, Orlean
Kersey, Louise
Lee, Maggie Emilie
Lee, John Gary
Moore, Katie
Murray, Maurine
Paisley, Edith

Porter, Rebecca
Ragsdale, Mary Lambeth
Rhea, Hugh Preston
Roberts, Gustavus
Sanders, Howard
Tidwell, Edwin
Wallace, Thomas
Wilkinson, Alice
Wynn, William
Zuccarello, Maxwell



ALPHA SOCIETY.

Y. W. C. A.

FLOWER: Carnation

COLOR: Green and White

OFFICERS.

MYRTLE BOULDIN	- - - - -	President
JOANNA BRANSFORD	- - - - -	Vice President
ELIZABETH ABERNATHY	- - - - -	Treasurer
ELSIE PETWAY	- - - - -	Secretary

CHAIRMEN OF COMMITTEES.

Bible Committee—CHLOE DEATON

Room Committee—OLA CRAWFORD

Missionary Committee—EULALIA HARWELL

Intercollegiate Committee—ELSIE PETWAY

Social Committee—CREOLA BAIRD

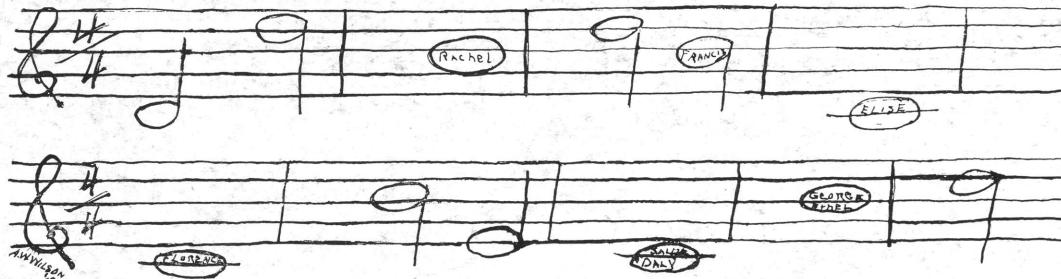
Finance Committee—ELIZABETH ABERNATHY

Membership Committee—JOANNA BRANSFORD

Music Committee—ELIZABETH EGGLESTON



Y. W. C. A. CABINET.



Piano Students

PROF. J. B. GRASSE

WINNIE ALLEN	RUTH MEADOWS
SUSYE ADKINS	JOSEPHINE PATTERSON
ROBBIE COOLEY	FELICIA PATTERSON
CHARLINE CHERRY	GEORGE ETHEL REED
RATHMA CLARK	SALLIE DALY REAVIS
JOSEPHINE EGGLESTON	ELIZABETH RUSSELL
ELIZABETH EGGLESTON	SAMMIE SMITH
FLORENCE GILBERT	ELISE SMITH
LILLIAN GRAY	BESSIE SISK
RUTH HARRELL	IRENE SCALES
MARY CLARK JONES	LUCILLE STEVENSON
FRANCES KINZER	NORA SHAW
BIRDIE MILLER	ADELAIDE SEVIER
EUGENIA MCKNIGHT	eva TARPLEY
MARY MARCH	MYRTLE WILLIAMS
CORINNE HARRIS	



PROF. GRASSE'S MUSIC CLASS.



MRS. HARWELL'S MUSIC CLASS.

Mrs. Harwell's Class

ELIZABETH ABERNATHY

ANNIE ABERNATHY

MYRTLE BAILEY

GERTRUDE DUNAVANT

MARGARET GILLIAM

MAGGIE GRAY

ROBBIE GAULT

MARY JO HARWELL

PATTI HARWELL

ORLEAN HOLT

SALLIE B. HOLT

BEULAH NICHOLS

BESSIE OWINGS

ANNIE PAULK

ELsie PETWAY

EDITH PONDER

EDITH PAISLEY

MILDRED RAWLSTON

EDNA SIMPSON

RUTH SMITH

MARY WIKLE

IMOGENE WILSON

FANNIE LOU WINDHAM

*MISS DEWALD'S PIANO PUPILS.

LUCILE HERIGES

EUGENIA INGRAM

*For Art Pupils see Page 61.



THE MENDELSSOHN CLUB.



Art Students

CHARLINE CHERRY
LEAH PARKER
IMogene WILSON
MRS. BLACKBURN
CLARISSA RAGSDALE
MISS MASON
ALBERTA WILSON
MARGARET HOWARD
JANIE PORTER
ELIZABETH RUSSELL
MISS WILSON
LOUISE MCKENNON
MARY MARCH
CHLOE DEATON
MAIE SIMPSON
ZELMA KING
LUCILLE WALKER
MYRTLE McGEE
ORLEAN HOLT
GERTRUDE DUNNAVANT
MISS PELLETIER
ELIZABETH HAMPTON
MRS. WYNN



THE ART CLASS.



THE ART EXHIBIT.



Voice Students

MISS SMITH.

MAGGIE MAUD COX
VALERIA CRAVEN
PEARL CRAIG
MRS. CROSS
MARGARET CHILDEERS
BROWNIE GARRETT
FLORENCE GILBERT
RUTH HARRELL
MARY JO HARWELL
LUCILLE HUNTER
MARY MARCH
ELIZABETH MONTGOMERY

RUTH MEADOWS
FANNIE MEDEARIS
ELsie PETWAY
VERA PRICE
SALLIE DALY REAVIS
LOUISE REYNOLDS
MAIE SIMPSON
MINNIE LEE STONE
LUCILLE STEVENSON
RUTH SMITH
ELISE SMITH
IRENE SCALES

THE DOUBLE QUINTETTE.

MAGGIE MAUD COX
VALERIA CRAVEN
MARGARET CHILDEERS
LUCILLE HUNTER
MARY JO HARWELL

ELIZABETH MONTGOMERY
BROWNIE GARRETT
MINNIE LEE STONE
IRENE SCALES
SALLIE DALY REAVIS



VOCAL CLASS.

Expression



"MAID OF ATHENS."

"Pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in his cheek, and so distinctly
wrought
That one might almost say his body
thought."



Emerson Club

FLOWER: Violet

COLOR: Purple

OFFICERS.

President	- - - - -	CREOLA BAIRD
Secretary	- - - - -	GLADYS ROBERTS
Treasurer	- - - - -	BIRDIE MILLER

MEMBERS.

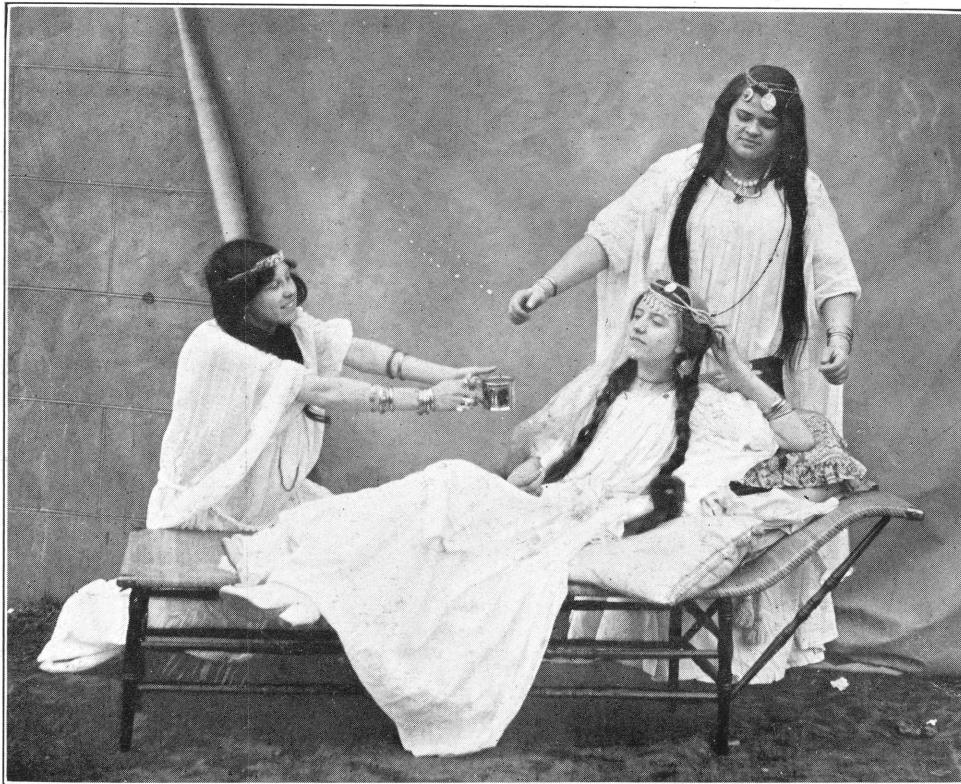
VIRGINIA ABERNATHY
CREOLA BAIRD
ISABEL BUTLER
JULIA P. EGGLESTON
ROBBIE GAULT
PATTIE HARWELL
LUCILE JONES
ANNIE R. LEE

BIRDIE MILLER
THACKER LEE MURPHY
LEAH PARKER
RUBY RANDOLPH
GLADYS ROBERTS
KATHERINE STONE
SAM ELLA WALLACE
BERTHA WELLER

MOTTO: "The power to detach, and to magnify by detaching, is the essence of rhetoric in the hands of the orator and the poet. This rhetoric, or power to fix the momentary eminence of an object, so remarkable in Burke, in Byron, in Carlyle—depends upon the depth of the artist's insight of that object he contemplates."



EMERSON CLUB.



FOLLOWERS OF OMAR KHAYYAM.

MOTTO: Ah, my beloved, fill the cup that clears
Today of past regrets, and future fears,
To-morrow! why to-morrow I may be
Myself with yesterdays'
Seven thousand years.



A PLAY—"THE CHRISTIAN."

CREOLA BAIRD

KATHERINE STONE

ANNIE RUTH LEE

Kipling Club

MOTTO:—

“Tis not wealth
Nor rank nor state,
But get up and get
That makes men great.”

CREOLA BAIRD

BIRDIE MILLER

THACKER LEE MURPHY

GLADYS ROBERTS

KATHERINE STONE

SAM ELLA WALLACE

When a Girl Loves

THE Globe Theatre was thronged—all New York seemed assembled in this one beautiful piece of architecture, on this particular night, to hear and see the beautiful "Volo", she who by the sweet magic of her wonderful voice had held the whole world spell-bound.

The bill-boards as well as newspaper editors had sung her praises for weeks, and those who had been so fortunate as to secure seats waited restlessly for the rise of the curtain.

Glancing down at the many colored gowns and flashing jewels, one would imagine himself to be a favored occupant of the Garden of Eden, surrounded as it were by lovely perfumed blossoms sparkling with clear morning dew-drops—thus they waited.

In a front row box at the right of the stage sat a man—a man in all the word implies ; his tall athletic figure was seen to its best advantage in a well-fitting dress suit, while the immaculate linen gave to his firm jaw a still more determined look. His well proportioned head was even more shapely with the black hair made blacker still by the extreme pallor of his face. Beneath his broad high fore-head deep gray eyes which in their natural state were kind and smiling now burned with an intense fire, as they gazed half curiously, half pleadingly across the orchestra to the box beyond, where also sat a man. The object of his gaze however was not alone, and with a half-mocking smile upon his lips appeared to be all attention to the remarks of the fair young girl at his side. Nevertheless looks were evidently deceiving.

James Osborne was really ill at ease; the tall form in the box across the stage troubled him, the gray piercing eyes seemed to search his very soul and single out the sin therein. For a whole week

the world had looked on with interest at the rivalry of these two—both were pets of the social circle, but John Hanley Nelson was the favorite of the two. No one could be in his presence once and not admire his smiling eyes and manly ways—a champion of the foot-ball season, a hero of the entire sporting world. And through it all he had defied the poisoned arrow from the bow of Dan Cupid—until lately. It all happened the first night when "Volo" had smiled at him in her song. The world had changed for him since that moment. He had sought an introduction, after which he paid the tender homage that made all the mothers with marriageable daughters look on in dismay.

Mrs. Nelson had offered no opposition—she knew it would be useless even if she were opposed; for when a man like John loved, it was useless to object. It would be just as well to attempt to stop the earth in its course, and she wondered with a tinge of anger why his affections were not returned. She and all the rest knew that the dark beauty of the singer was wasted upon James, the heir to the Osborne millions. It was likewise known that the character of James Osborne was not so admirable as the form and face of the handsome blonde. Perhaps this was why the public wondered that so great a person as "Volo" should waste the brilliancy of her smiles upon him. True Nelson was not heir to millions as was Osborne, but to him was given that which neither love nor money could purchase, the high moral character and noble manners of a gentleman.

But to return. While the great audience was beginning to grow impatient a small boy in blue uniform, carrying two great boxes from the florists, knocked at the dressing room of "Volo" at which the door was opened and a wee bit of a small white hand extended

for the package. However one hand of that size could never have taken those boxes and with a sweet, musical laugh she opened the door wider and stood in all her rich, dark beauty. A great fur coat almost hid the crimson folds of the dress from beneath which gleamed the small foot and shapely ankle. For a moment the boy seemed dumb; never before had he seen anything half so lovely, and the trance would have lasted longer, perhaps, had not the fair vision laughed at his awkwardness. That soft laugh brought him back to earth and quickly placing the boxes in her arms, he departed, still wide-eyed and open-mouthed.

“Volo” left alone closed the door hastily, cut the strings of the boxes and removed the top of the first with a joyous cry. She lifted the great bunch of American Beauties and pressed them to her, unmindful of the thorns until a sharp pain made her quickly drop them. A tiny drop of blood fell upon the red, red roses at her feet. “An idle omen,” she laughed, “but I’m not superstitious,” and she gathered the roses again in her arms. A white envelope fluttered to the floor, and breathlessly she opened it, reading, “A symbol of my deep, burning love—wear them to-night that I may know I am not rejected, Yours, James Osborne.” “Yes, a symbol of his love”, she repeated, “The deep, soul-thrilling fragrance of his love,” and she kissed the red rose bud nearest her cheek. Laying them gently upon her dressing table, she turned to the still unopened box with a sigh. A pitying smile crossed her lips. As the cover was removed the death-like fragrance startled her and a little nervously she touched the sweet, pleading bells of these, her most beloved of all flowers—lilies of the valley. She did not press them to her heart, but merely laid them beside the roses, who in all their crimson beauty made quite a contrast to the sweet, pure fragrance of the lilies. Even “Volo” noticed this contrast, but she did not notice that among the delicate bells of the lilies there were no thorns. For they were not intended to wound her. The pity in her eyes deepened as she read the second note: “I have asked you to be my wife; as yet you have

given me no definite answer. I can not wait, ‘Volo’—I love you. If there is one spark of hope wear these as a token of my love—Yours only, John H. Nelson.”

“I hate to hurt him,” she sighed, “I am not worthy of his love, for I can never return it.” And turning to the red roses, she cried, “Yours, James—just yours, and for you I’ll wear my roses even tho they have cruel thorns.”

A tap on the door aroused her from her thoughts and gathering the bunch of roses in her arms she prepared to leave the little room. “I do love lilies even tho the giver is not so fortunate”—she laughed, “I wish he had not sent them, but I do love the fragrance and I shall put a tiny spray here in my breast, the roses will hide it and he will never know—no, never know.” And she closed the door behind her and started for the stage.

CHAPTER II.

The curtain rose and “Volo” smiled upon her audience—a smile of bewitching sweetness which thrilled the very soul of the crowd before her. Never had she looked so beautiful, only a girl of twenty, yet possessor of such beauty and such a voice. Every form straightened, every ear became alert, and each lip smiled as if her smile were meant for him alone.

But the two in whom we are most interested were those in the front row boxes at the left of the stage. In the smiling gray eyes of Nelson there was a gleam of hope, in Osborne’s a great hatred and revenge and he glared first at Nelson who leaned toward the stage with the great pleading written on his face, then back to “Volo,” who, quite unconsciously had stirred the different emotions in the hearts of the two men before her. As she had come upon the stage with rich roses in her arms, Osborne had experienced a cowardly triumph and glanced at Nelson, who sat with his face buried in his hands, his whole form trembling. But she had hardly begun when with the rise of her breast in the song, a tiny spray of lilies fell flutter-

ing to the floor very near the right hand box of Nelson. Both men saw it and both misunderstood. "Volo" had not seen and now the battle raged between the two in the boxes, one victorious, the other defeated and revengeful.

Through Nelson's mind passed the sweet, beautiful picture of wedded life, of a little home—a kingdom within itself; where she would reign as queen.

Osborne's thoughts ran in quite a different channel. The cowardice and villainy exerted itself and his face went white with anger. Rather than see Nelson victorious and hear the world laugh and glory in *his* defeat, she should die and Nelson with her if necessary. With a sly, quick movement he drew a thin bladed knife from the inner pocket of his coat and slipping stealthily over the curved railing of the box, sprang towards "Volo." From the other side of the stage Nelson had seen the glitter and flash of the deadly steel and terrified, he cleared the few feet between him and "Volo". He was none too quick for there was an oath, a flash of steel and the knife went deep into the side of Nelson. Without so much as a groan, the hero fell to the floor with a dull thud. He had given his own life's blood to save her—now he could die.

Through all the little tragedy "Volo" stood as though petrified, her limbs refusing to move. How she despised herself. This was the man she had loved and he had committed murder and but for Nelson she would have been the victim. She turned and looked at the prostrate form, and a great flood of tenderness swept over her. A deep, pure love stirred and rose in her soul—a great and beautiful awakening.

With a choked sob she knelt and slipping her arms beneath his head, drew him closer to her, calling his name softly. The icy hand of death was upon him, but at the sound of the sweet, pleading tones of her voice, a great will power took possession of his soul and opening his eyes, he breathed her name.

Trembling she drew him closer and bending down whispered, "You shall not leave me, promise to live for me and our lilies!"

The maddened audience was now rushing towards the stage, but before they could reach it the great curtain fell just as the hero whispered back, "Yes, for you, I will live."

CHARLINE CHERRY.



A Prayer for the Seniors

Oh, God! I pray to Thee
Whose watchful eye beholds us day by day,
Whose love supports in the darkest day;
Watch o'er them tenderly!

Make them thy love and care!
Let sweetest peace upon their hearts descend!
Be Thou forevermore their guide and friend;
And guard them everywhere;

Save them from every ill!
Grant that the sorrows of their lives be few;
Friends whom they cherish be fond and true;
And in the darkest paths they journey through,
Be with them still!

Make theirs a holy heart!
May they press onward in Thy Eternal way,
Let not temptation and the world gain sway,
And when their feet would fall by the way
Thy strength impart!

Bless them, oh God, through all—
When life is beautiful—when life is o'er
Grant them all happiness forever more—
Bless them and keep them, I can ask no more
From Thee, who notes the sparrow's fall.

CREOLA BAIRD.



The Holy Grail in Literature

For centuries and more ambitious narrative poems have been a source of much interest to literary people. Among the most spiritual subjects for these poems was, "The Legend of the Holy Grail." This story was of Christian legendary origin. The people seemed to have a desire to associate deep spiritual wonders with physical objects and actions; and this is why the story of "The Holy Grail" took such a hold on the imagination and adventures of the great men of that day.

The Holy Grail was a cup from which Christ drank at the Last Supper. In this cup Joseph of Arimathea caught the blood from Christ's side as He hung on the cross. Soon after this Joseph went to England to escape persecution. He took this sacred vessel with him, and during the remainder of his life it furnished for him food and drink. At his death he left it to the careful watch of his successor. From this time on it was handed down from generation to generation.

By the time of the Middle Ages more than eight poets had chosen the Holy Grail as their subject. It had been written in both verse and prose, and in six different languages.

As the Holy Grail was supposed to give divine life, all the great knights of every nation were in search of it. In fact, it served as a road of communication between all the nations.

Among the great knights who joined in this search the most valiant were those of The Round Table. As they sat at feast one night a great light was seen on the wall. At first they were frightened and could not speak, but when the light vanished, and they realized it was a vision of the Holy Grail, they took an oath that they would search until they found it. They sought the world over for the holy vessel, but Galahad, Perceval, and Bors were the only ones who saw it; for these were the only ones whose lives were without sin.

Today we seem to think we have no Holy Grail to seek. Yet each one of us should be searching day by day, for the Holy Grail, which may be found only in the path of duty. Therefore, we should never be discouraged, but with our great poet say:

"O just and faithful knight of God!
Ride on! the prize is near."

OLA CRAWFORD.

Our Dear Old College

Let us greet our dear old College,
With a strong and hearty cheer,
For our hearts are ever loyal
To our Alma Mater dear.

CHORUS—Oh, we're students at Martin,
That College both old and dear;
With our faces set onward
And our voices ringing clear.

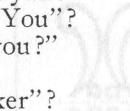
Broad the fields about her lying,
Soft and deep and blue the sky;
Sing, Ah sing aloud her praises,
Raise the red and white on high!

CHORUS—For our bond can ne'er be broken,
Sealed by Friendship's golden tie,
Our true hearts will ever cherish
Memories of the days gone by.

EDITH N. PONDER.

Can You Picture

Julia Plummer Eggleston sitting still?
Orlean Austin not sitting on the window sill?
Mary Wikle walking from church alone?
Ruth Meadows when not writing home?
Mary Jo Harwell when not wearing frat pin?
May Simpson not talking to Mr. Wynn?
Elsie Petway not singing "I Love You"?

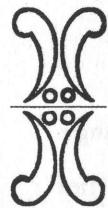


Mrs. Cooley not asking "How are you?"
Creola Baird not drinking vinegar?
Mr. Wynn not talking about "Alasker"?

Francis Jackson when her eye's not hurting?
Edna Simpson when she's not flirting?
Bertha Weller not reading a letter from "Jim"?

Lillian Johnson not ringing Central with a vim?
Misses Smith and Moore when not on their way to post office?
Mattie Kirk when not on her way to Mr. Wynn's office?
Mr. Wynn when finding the following in Gladys Roberts' note book?

"Miss Wilson is vexation,
Miss Mason is as bad,
Miss Moore perplexes me,
Mr. Wynn just runs me mad."



Fashion

Fashion rules the world and a most tyrannical mistress she is,— compelling people to submit to the most inconvenient thing imaginable for her sake. She pinches our feet with tight shoes, or chokes us with high collars, and

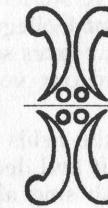
“Makes us wear hobbles twelve inches wide,
Which makes us look like a parasol that's shut up and tied.”

Fashion taxes without reason and collects without mercy. If she requires oblations from the four quarters of the globe, they must be had, if wealth, health, and happiness are the price.

Fashion is the foster mother of vanity and the offal of pride. Even friendship must be forged on fashion's anvil. And love, too, that must be fashionable! But it is a recorded fact that none of the great men and women ever sprung from fashionable mothers.

So if we love freedom more than slavery, liberty more than thraldom, happiness more than misery, competence more than poverty, never bend to the goddess Fashion.

GLADYS ROBERTS.



First Day in Chapel

In a much scratched desk in the chapel I sit
Looking around at the girls I've met,
Wondering what in the world I shall do
If the eyes continue to stare me through.

Is it my hair or my dress they stare at so?
Surely not for they're both the latest I know;
Still, there's something that evidently attracts,
Perhaps it's the powder my nose lacks.

I wonder how long the professor will talk—
The announcements were made at breakfast, I thought;
But colleges are queer things, you never know
What will happen next—it puzzles one so!

There! that girl so awful thin
Has been looking at me since goodness knows when,
I wonder if I look so dreadfully queer—
Ugh! what rude girls they have down here.

Education is certainly what they need,
Or to a lecture on "Etiquette" they might heed,
And learn that to stare at a brand new girl,
Is the worst offense in a school girl's world.

I wonder what the menu for dinner will be,
The hash for breakfast didn't appeal to me.
But it'll never do to find fault at the start—
Longfellow says, "Cheer up, sad heart."

And that is exactly what I will do,
Only five more years and I'll be through—I hope.
In the meantime my line I'll begin to bait
And fish for a "Jim"—here's trusting to fate.

There's the bell—I'm nearly starved to death
This college excitement 'most takes my breath.
I'll go to dinner now—"Grits a la."
To the staring eyes I bid ta ta!

CHARLINE CHERRY.

Is it Wise to Maintain Co-educational Institutions of Learning?

*Extracts from a speech delivered at Educational Conference,
Montgomery, Alabama, April, 1911.*

W. T. WYNN.

THE questions which today are agitating the public mind and conscience of the Church are how and where and under what conditions our girls and boys shall obtain a thorough education; not by any means whether it should be secured to them at all. Only by noting the four methods in operation in the United States for the training of our girls and young women and the result of each upon the life of the church and the nation may we arrive at a satisfactory solution and understand just where we are and what the future holds in store for us.

1—There is what may be termed identical co-education; i. e. the education of boys and girls in their adolescence going to the same school, sitting in the same class rooms, using the same laboratories, occupied at the same time in the same way with no change of instructors.

2—There is the *juxta-position* in co-education with occasionally the same class rooms and teachers, separate hours, separate regulations, separate subjects to meet the needs of each sex; yet all under one management or associate managements.

3—Then there may be mentioned the plan of having the buildings remote, management different; yet, with similar courses of study and requirements for entrance and degrees.

4—Lastly, there is a system which has each sex to work out its own educational salvation with careful note taken of the difference in the sexes physiologically, intellectually, and from a vocational standpoint.

In advocating the fourth system, schools absolutely separate in scope organized to produce the greatest degree of efficiency in both sexes, the three former methods will be discussed only as they bear directly on what, to my mind, seems to be the ideal method for the settlement of the question at issue.

The extreme advocates of identical co-education and those who cry out for separate though identical co-education argue for (1) Conservatism of funds, or (2) Conservatism of traditions; while those who believe in co-education partially segregated say, "Let's take a middle ground." (They remind me of a certain class of politicians who are always "on the fence" until the governor is elected and the time comes for the distribution of offices.)

The three vital objections to co-education for our preparatory schools and colleges are of such a nature that I think they will never be satisfactorily overcome. They are (1) the physiological, (2) the intellectual and, (3) the vocational.

(1) The girl's bodily strength during the adolescent period, twelve to eighteen, is not equal to that of the boy; and to maintain a race, strong, and active the female during this period of growth and development must be treated with consideration. Girls are naturally ambitious and will not allow their brothers and sweethearts to outstrip them; consequently, they impair their health for life, with the natural result, the race grows weak instead of strong. The argument may be made; to stir him up, the boy's mind needs to come in contact with the superior energy of the girl. I grant that such is the case; yet, this is too great a price to pay to arouse the latent energy of the boy. The skillful teacher can find other means to inoculate the boy with Greek roots and Mathematic demonstrations without offering our girls on the altar of co-education!

(2) There is no special superiority that the boy's mind has over that of the girl; yet there is a material difference which rightly recognized will lead us out of many of our educational difficulties. The girl naturally enjoys the languages, music, and art; while the boy takes to mathematics and the sciences. The one needs the cultural influence of music, the romance languages, while the other must have stressed the logical training which comes from delving into the intricacies of Greek, analytics, and calculus. Such being the case, it is a waste of time, money, energy and religion to attempt to form the characters of both in the same mold. The difficulty with this identical arrangement is the advocates believe "Man and woman are one and that *one* is the man", and that "the boy's education and the girl's education should be the same and that same means the boy's". The time will come, yea verily, is already upon us when those who have in hand the education of girls should have more voice in forming curricula and arranging school work.

(3) Were we to grant that there is no distinction physiologically or intellectually, the third difference would form an unsurmountable barrier against co-education. Woman's sphere in life is so unlike that of man that her natural and acquired abilities must be directed into different channels of usefulness. Woman is essentially a homemaker, the mother and trainer of children; and as such, to produce the best results she must have training which will fit her for what God intended she should be.

Owing to the needs of her peculiar physical constitution, she must have such physiology as she can not hope to get in a co-educational institution. She must have Latin, French, History, Music, English, and Mathematics for culture, mental development and practical uses. She needs science, though not exactly the same in kind and scope to be used by her brother; for she must preside over the

kitchen, nursery and home; while his realm is the farm the mine, the railroad.

To embody my ideas in a few words I suggest:

1—That our preparatory schools and colleges be so planned as to separate the sexes at least between the ages of 12 and 18.

2—That the courses of study be so arranged as to lessen the tax on the nervous system of the girl.

3—That sufficient latitude be given for college entrance requirements and graduation as to allow both boys and girls to take some work distinctly vocational; also, that the girls be given full credit for music and art as well as the duties incident to homemaking.

If we would have trained men, we must have perfectly trained mothers; if we would diminish the death rate among our children, if we would decrease the number of divorces, if we would preserve the sanctity of the home, if we would prevent race suicide we must have woman adequately fitted for her duties and not developed into a one-sided, manly woman, and the man into a one-sided womanish man. He who loves and admires masculinity in woman is not worthy to be called "man"; she who is attracted by the effeminacy of man is not a true woman. A man should be strong and courageous; a woman gentle, modest and amiable. These opposite characteristics can no more be fully developed in the same school and under the same conditions than the lovely rose could thrive amid the burning sands of Africa's desert. Let each sex be educated amid the surroundings which are most conducive to the highest development, and from our boys' schools will come men strong, brave and patriotic; and from our female institutions women lovely and gracious. Then from a union of these will spring a people who will be the model for future civilizations.

Poets Corner

To the Seniors

Hail! all ye Seniors with proud hearts,
Of course you feel like shouting on your grand and glorious march,
And when you finish in May
What then, shall you sit idly down and say,
The night has come, it is no longer day?
Ah, no the day has just begun to dawn,
And you are more prepared to travel on.

There is something greater for you to do or dare,
For each living tree some kind of fruit must bear;
Each day you older grow
Opportunities to do good grow less,
It is still the youthful form, but wears another dress.
And as the evening twilight fades away
So will the life of each Senior who finishes here in May.

FRANCES KINZER.

Sallie Emma

(Meter not considered.)

There was a girl at Martin
Who was neither saint nor sinner,
But she was Mr. Wynn's favorite
And her name was Sallie Emma.

She was her mother's darling
And her father placed all his pride within her,
And longed for the day when he
Could depend on his daughter, Sallie Emma.

She studied hard at Martin,
And no matter what the prize, she was always winner;
All the girls became jealous
And almost hated Sallie Emma.

There was a boy in tour
Who was neither slick nor slim,
And Sallie Emma became very much in love with this boy
They called Jim.

One day he was missing
And could not be found from the outside to the inner;
And to Mr. Wynn's surprise
He had stolen Sallie Emma.

MYRTLE WILLIAMS.

The Seniors' Exam.

The Seniors had a little exam,
It was only a few days ago.
Everything Mr. Wynn asked,
The Seniors were supposed to know.

It was about the first of May,
The weather it was cool
It made the Seniors frown and say:
"Oh! if we were out of school."

But Mr. Wynn read the questions out
That every Senior might hear,
And walked quietly around to see
If in the tablets any writing did appear.

Then the Seniors ran to him
And laid the papers in his hand
As if to say—as we understand
"We knew we would be through to-day."

What makes the Seniors hate exams so,
The eager Freshmen cry.
"Oh! there were a few questions
They didn't know," was Mr. Wynn's reply.

MARY MARCH, '13.



Oh! For a Place Without Schools

Oh! to go somewhere, where French is never taught,
Where you can live at your ease
As long as you please,
And a geometry can not be bought,

Where a teacher's voice is never heard and a book you never see,
A place like this
Would hold much bliss
To a worn out Junior like me.

And you don't have room-mates that have stiff necks, and manners
that follow the rule,
Where you can make lots of noise,
And there are plenty of boys,
But never, no never a school.

If any one knows of a place like this, please tell him to let me know;
And I will beg my ma
And entreat my pa
To please to let me go.

MYRTLE WILLIAMS.



Mistaken

Miss Myrtle Bouldin—so they say
Got a letter one Sun—day,
When she heard her name called out,
She gave a glance and began to pout.

“If it’s an old advertisement,—
Don’t give it to me,
For I’m just as tired of those things
As I can be.”

Mr. Wynn gave it to her,
So she took it in hand,
And when she had read it,
She cried—“Oh joy, it’s from a man!!!!”

LILLIE MOORE POWERS.

Senior’s Cry

Through all trials and temptations which the Seniors had come,
They were ever so troublesome, to them trouble had not come
’Til their dreams they realized when they came here,
They said Old English they’d ne’er met with elsewhere.

CHORUS.

Home ! home ! sweet, sweet home !
They cried to go home ! They cried to go home !

The letters from home never came in so slow.
O, give them their old blue bonnets again;
The cows grazing slowly, that came at their call,
Give them that sweet milk, to them better than all !

CHORUS.

An exam. in that Livy, came too soon,
Be it ever so easy, there’s nothing like home !
The Freshies may giggle, the Sophies may call,
But the Seniors didn’t pass, this was sadder than all.

CHORUS.

MAMIE MADRAY, '13

Some of Shakespere's Ethical Imports

Who is able to study Shakespere's writings without learning to love them? So many, so beautiful and at the same time so true are the lessons they teach us. In the reading of a single verse one thought is suggested to one person while to another has come a thought almost entirely different. For this reason his works are enjoyed and appreciated more each time they are read. His characters express the sentiments of real everyday life. Someone has said: "It is we who are Hamlet." His speeches and thoughts are as real as our own. Sometimes we, burdened with something we believe to be a duty, struggle under this burden until our minds are fully made up to meet this duty, when at that instant something else claims our thoughts and attention. As a result of this detraction our determination is weakened, our thoughts are scattered and the impulse to do what we intended is rarely ever as strong again—be the deed good or evil. And if the resolve is ever reached again it is with much effort, as in the life of Hamlet. After reading the tragedy of Hamlet we think, "Oh king, what a tangled web you did weave, when Hamlet you practiced to deceive." Having read the acts of Hamlet in his mad struggle, one should turn to "The Tempest" which so wonderfully shows the beauty and the duty of reconciliation.

Many cheerful and helpful thoughts are obtained in the study of "As You Like It" with its thrilling scenes of country life where nothing but peace, love and contentment seems to abide as compared with court follies, showing what is evil and artificial in society. Rosalind, the heroine of this play, Julia, a character in the comedy of "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," and Portia, heroine of "The Merchant of Venice," show us that "where there's a will there's a way" not only a way but a right way in which to do everything. The

theme of the two comedies last mentioned may be defined as friendship and love with their mutual relations. In the former comedy friendship and love proved false; in the latter they were true and loyal to the end. Love is the important thread in the weaving of many of Shakespere's plots. In "The Midsummer Night's Dream" we can see the blindness of lovers and the uneven course of true love. The characters of "Love's Labor Lost" tried to conceal their love in their hearts, but failed. One should not, as did they, forswear himself from the company of the opposite sex. Nor should we make unnecessary vows and pledges, for no doubt we have all heard it said: "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip." Furthermore we are all weak creatures and being tempted we are very apt to break our pledges as did the characters of Love's Labor Lost. Then are we not commanded "Boast not thyself of tomorrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth."

Even in Shakespere's time bad news traveled more swiftly than good. Had this not been so perhaps we would not have had the sad story of "Romeo and Juliet." This tragedy brings youth and love face to face with hatred and death. The "course of true love" has been compared to that of lightning at midnight. Following the scene in the moonlit garden, where a confession of love is made, comes the scene of parting of man and wife at dawn.

How soon they meet again! But alas, what a sad meeting! Is there left a sacrifice too great for love to make? But 'tis said "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good"—the houses of Capulet and Montague were finally reconciled after the sad loss of a son and daughter. Thus "A disease desperate grown by desperate appliance was relieved."

MAMIE MADRAY.



Martin College Calendar—1911-12



Sept. 20. After leaving home with tear dimmed eyes we entered Martin College to take up a school girl's task.

Sept. 21. At the breakfast table, the new girls were made acquainted with "grits".

Oct. 1. Some of us changed cells.

Oct. 2. Suggestion (rule) No. 5 was made.

Oct. 5. We showed the new girls the *dead line*.

Oct. 15. The boxes we brought from home have been empty long since and we are as hungry as bears.

Nov. 1. "Snake" Jackson spent a part of the day tied to a tree on the lower side of the campus.

Nov. 4. The Faculty saw themselves as we see them. (Oh how they did laugh!) Some of them don't care to witness this sight any more.

Nov. 6. Mr. Wynn bought a pair of tan shoes.

Nov. 7. Mrs. Romine gave, in the chapel, "Rome of the Caesars."

Nov. 11. "Sallie Emma" was allowed to talk to "Jim" for an hour. She says she enjoyed it.

Nov. 18. Some of us went walking, some didn't, Some met *him* in the office, some didn't.

Nov. 19. We *all* went walking.

Nov. 25. Edna Simpson and Lillian Johnson cleaned their rooms.

Nov. 24. In her stupification, Lessie Grey Tacker became confused in the definitions of neutralization and liquification.

Nov. 29. Mr. Wynn went to Texas. Some of us went home to spend Thanksgiving. The train was late so one dignified Junior was sorely disappointed— one-quarter of a tear darkened one eye.

Dec. 2. The girls were free two hours. Old fashioned party Friday evening. Ask the Savannah girls about it.

Dec. 3. "Jim" called on "Sallie Emma"—she was opening a box of candy later. At the supper table Sunday night we heard something like this:

"Girls, your frolic now is o'er,
You may leave it outside the doe'.
You must get hard at work,
No girl her work must shirk.
As you go to the dormitory floes,
Please don't mention frolic any moe."

Dec. 5. Skates were introduced at Martin College. Bessie Gilbert getting up from the floor said she had always thought she could go as fast as her feet could carry her, but she had learned better.

Dec. 6. We had cake to eat with our cream.

Dec. 7. Mrs. Hannibal Williams read "As You Like It."

Dec. 9. Vera Price and "Jim" attended Y. W. C. A. sale.

Dec. 11. Mary Wikle made her weekly visit to the office carrying Elizabeth Eggleston with her.

Dec. 21. We disbanded for the Christmas Holidays.

Jan. 2. We took up our school work again having made many Leap Year resolutions.

Jan. 3. Mary March and Elise Smith *quituated* in vocal music.

Jan. 4. Aileen Owens said she heard that the snow in Oklahoma was forty feet deep—they must have been a little bit chilled out West.

Jan. 11. We met the examinations with a long face.

Jan. 16. Lost, strayed or stolen, knowledge of Cicero belonging to Cicero class. Finder please return before next exam. or said class will receive their reward.

Jan. 18. Showers of exams. ceased.

Jan. 19. There was a dance on the third floor, Mrs. Cannon came and said not dance any more. She sent us to the office on the first floor, And there gave us demerits by the score.

Jan. 22. Billy, the goat, ate Francis Jackson's Latin book.

Jan. 24. Miss Tommy Abernathy talked to the Philosophian Society of her trip abroad.

Jan. 26. Those of us who were "sufficiently urged" went to The Massey School to hear Prof. Harris read "The Servant in the House."

Jan. 27. Miss _____ said to Mr. Wynn that some girl had ordered five cents' worth of crackers, then everything went wrong as you may imagine.

Feb. 3. Gladys Roberts received by express, literature for her thesis—subject "The Perfect Woman."

Feb. 5. We changed tables.

Feb. 6. At dinner we "all" took the places we had drawn the night before.

Feb. 8. Mrs. Wynn and children went to visit at Clayton, Ala.

Feb. 14. The Junior Class asked for a new president when they learned that Lessie Grey Tacker had been feasting on arsenic.

Feb. 15. Juniors called back the petition, saying Pres. Tacker had shown no sign of "yielding up the ghost."

Feb. 26. A letter carrier, which was nothing more than a large yellow kite, brought the Martin girls an epistle from the quarantined Massey boys.

Feb. 28. We enjoyed the long looked for holiday.

Mar. 1-5. During this time the girls passed each other saying "Don't touch my vaccinated arm."

Mar. 6. We received with joy the tidings that we would have a spring uniform hat and that we must abstain from "five cents' worth of ribbon and seven cents' worth of candy" from now until Easter to meet this bill.

Mar. 7. It was unanimously agreed by Josephine Eggleston, Florence Pennington, Maggie Gray, Elizabeth Arrowsmith and Elizabeth Oliver that it is much cheaper to get mail from Massey directly than indirectly.

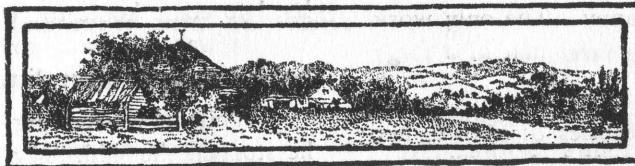
Mar. 9. Evidently the breakfast bell rang too soon. For reference on the subject ask the girls in rooms 8 and 25.

Mar. 27. Boys released from the Pest House and oh! it was "Joy turned loose."

Apr. 15. First of the graduates appeared in a recital—mighty hard to begin on us this soon.

May 21. Commencement begins. Eight more days.

May 29. We hear the Seniors shouting, singing, as they go, "School days may come, school days may go, But ours are gone forever."





Chirrup! Chirrup!



ON THE door step of a small cottage in the suburbs of a large city, sat a beautiful little girl. Her heart was very light on this lovely summer morning, as she waited for "Daddy" to come home.

Mr. Neely, his aunt, and his daughter, Mamie Sue, lived happily together in this small cottage. Less than two years before the beloved wife and mother had left them for the "Beulah Land," as she had told them with her last breath. Now Mamie Sue was her father's darling child, almost his only companion, his "Sunshine" he often told her fondly. When Mr. Neely was a boy, he once visited a large cotton mill with his father. He felt the natural boy's curiosity to feel and see how things worked. This curiosity on that memorable day cost him his right arm. Life had ever been a struggle for Mr. Neely, but with his Sunshine he was not unhappy. The only work he had been able to obtain was that of night watchman in a large factory in the city several miles away.

As the child gazed around her at the beauties of nature, her glance rested on the ever changing, ever beautiful sky. The sun had not yet risen and in a white cloud above the beautiful purple and gold, which seemed to rest lightly on the distant hills, the child imagined she could see the form of her mother. A look of sadness passed over the lovely face, "Dear Mamma," she whispered mournfully.

"Chirrup! chirrup!" sang the robin on the gate post. "I will," said Mamie Sue softly, and although the tears dimmed her eyes she

smiled sweetly and, holding out her hands she said, "Dear Mamma, I'll come some day but now I'll take good care of Daddy for you!"

"Chirrup! chirrup!" sang the robin gaily.

Sunshine laughed at him. She had been in such a reverie that she had not noticed that someone was approaching until a kind, gruff voice inquired, "Be you Bill Neely's darter?"

"Yes, sir," she said simply, "I'm waiting for Daddy now."

"Wal, little gal," the big man continued, "I hate to tell you, but last night three wicked men, who had been fired because of drinking, planned to burn the factory. Your brave father prevented this, but, er, little gal, he was hurt—shot in the shoulder. He was taken to a hospital and the wound was dressed; but he begged so hard to come home to you that at last the doctor said that, as the wound was not dangerous, he was willing. Your daddy will be here in about an hour, little gal."

While he was talking, Mamie Sue's face turned very pale. When he stopped she said, "My own poor, brave Daddy."

The man laid a rough hand lovingly on her shoulder, "Chirrup, little gal, and chir your daddy up, won't you?"

"Chirrup!" sang the robin from a tree top.

The little girl gave the man a ghost of a smile, which seemed to say, "I will cheer up Daddy." Then she ran in the house and told her aunt of the accident. The aunt was a silent, stern, old maid and she only said, "Ugh! Why didn't he run from them?"

Together the woman and the child prepared to receive the injured man. "Sunshine" gathered a large bouquet of wild roses, which she placed on the window sill. She ran to the spring so she might give her father a drink of cold water. As she bent over to get the water she heard a gay "Chirrup" from above her.

When she got in the house she saw her father lying on a couch, looking very white and miserable. She ran to him smiling. He smiled back and said, "My blessed Sunshine."

Mamie Sue noticed that her father didn't touch the breakfast his aunt had brought him. Poor man! he could not see where the meals would come from for the next month or so, for the idea of going in debt was hateful to him.

Sunshine did not think of this, but she wanted "Daddy to eat," so she prepared a dainty lunch of currants, toast and a glass of delicious cold milk. Around the dishes she arranged wild roses artistically. She hoped it would "cheer up Daddy."

When she went to get the dishes after Mr. Neely had finished his lunch, she heard him softly singing, "There's sunshine in my soul."

That afternoon when the mail man passed, of course he called out gaily, "Hello, Sunshine," he always did that; but he also stopped at the gate, "Here's a letter for you, Sunshine," he called out.

"Chirrup! chirrup!" sang the robin emphatically.

The little girl was never so astonished. "I've got a letter, Daddy," she called as she entered the cottage door.

"Open it, Sunshine," he said in a shaking voice. Sunshine did so: "Read it, Aunt Deborah," she exclaimed. Miss Deborah read:

"To Bill Neely's Little Girl.

"Dear child: I feel sure that you have cheered yourself and your father by now. You can not imagine how great is the debt that we owe to the bravery of your father. Ask him to accept, as a token of our love and appreciation, the cottage in which you dwell, and a hundred dollars from his admiring co-laborers. Our fondest wish is that this may aid in cheering him. We sincerely hope he will soon be well.

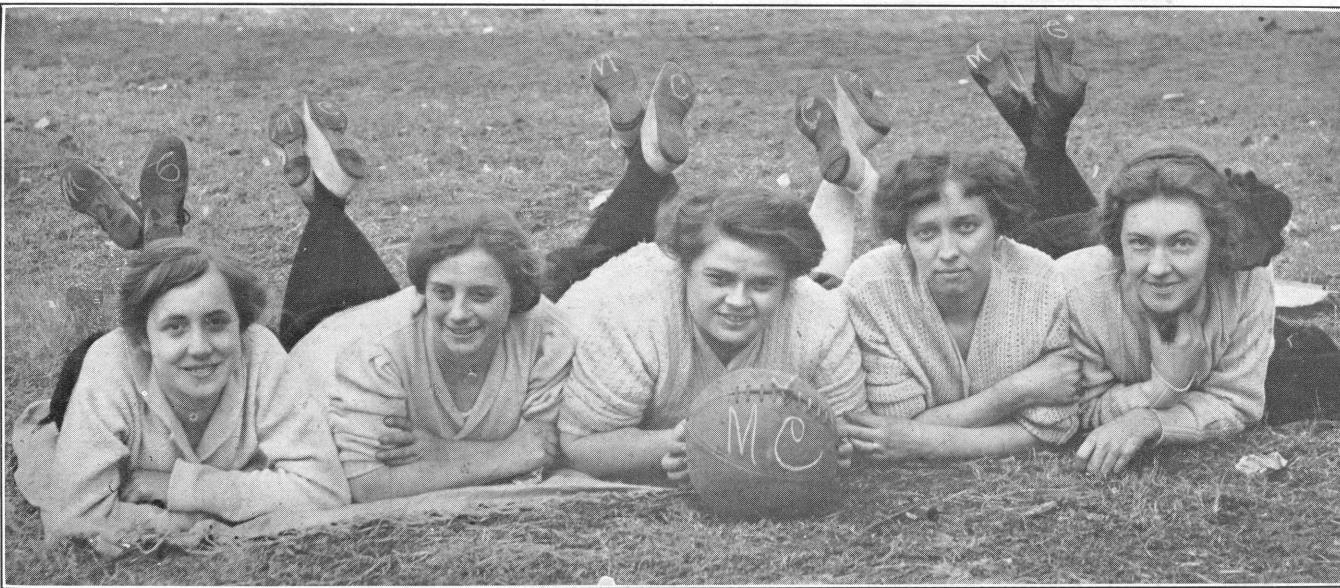
"Yours truly,

"Dorman Allison."

The letter said "Chirrup!" the laughing blue sky said "Chirrup!" the nodding flowers said "Chirrup!" the saucy robin said "Chirrup!" all nature said "Chirrup!" and their happy hearts answered "Chirrup!"

LUCILE TURNER.





First Basket Ball Team

MOTTO: "Aim for the empty basket."

OFFICERS.

CREOLA BAIRD	- - - - -	President
EULALIA HARWELL	- - - - -	Vice President
Alice Belser	- - - - -	Secretary and Treasurer

FIRST TEAM.

ETHEL MAIE WILSON	- - - - -	Coach
RUTH HARRELL (Captain)	- - - - -	Center
CREOLA BAIRD	- - - - -	Right Forward
EULALIA HARWELL	- - - - -	Left Forward
FRANCES JACKSON	- - - - -	Right Guard
MARGARETTE HOWARD	- - - - -	Left Guard



Second Basket Ball Team

MOTTO: "Always strive for the goal."

Rip, rah, rah!

Rip, rah, rah!

Second team! second team!

Sis! boom! bah!

SECOND TEAM.

NORA SHAW (Captain)	- - - - -	Center
LEAH PARKER	- - - - -	Right Guard
WINNIE ALLEN	- - - - -	Left Guard
PAULINE SWAN	- - - - -	Right Forward
BIRDIE MILLER	- - - - -	Left Forward
ELIZABETH EGGLESTON	- - - - -	Center Aid

Tennis Club

MOTTO: "Let us then be up and doing."

COLORS: Blue and Gold.

OFFICERS.

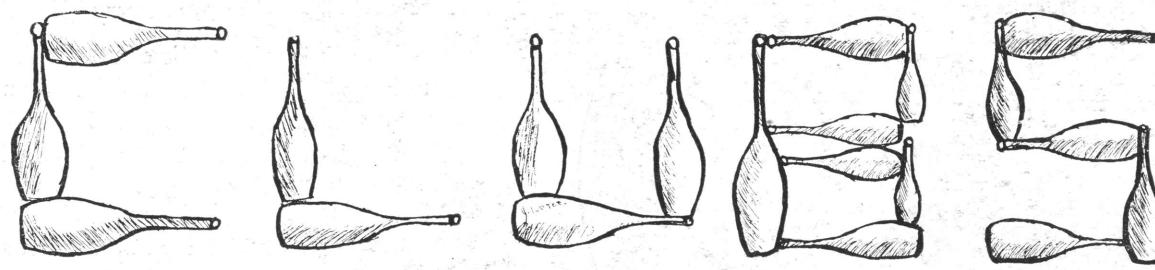
JOSEPHINE EGGLESTON	- - - - -	President
MARY MARCH	- - - - -	Vice President
MYRTLE BOULDIN	- - - - -	Secretary
MARY WIKLE	- - - - -	Treasurer

MEMBERS.

SUSYE ADKINS	BESSIE BELSER
ALICE BELSER	MARY JO HARWELL
CHLOE DEATON	THACKER LEE MURPHY
MAGGIE GRAY	ELIZABETH EGGLESTON
LIZZIE WILSON	MYRTLE BOULDIN
MARY WIKLE	FRANCES KINZER
EUGENIA MCKNIGHT	LEAH PARKER
NORA SHAW	JULIA PLUMMER EGGLESTON
RACHEL AYMETT	FANNIE LOU WINDHAM
JOSEPHINE EGGLESTON	EULALIA HARWELL
ELISE DOSS	FRANCES JACKSON
MARY MARCH	



THE TENNIS CLUB.



T. O. T. L.



PRESIDENT - - - - - LILLIE REID GRIGSBY

FLOWER: "Forget-me-not."

MOTTO: "Be a god and hold me with a charm!
Be a man and fold me with thine arm!"

TOAST.

Oh, Martin is fair as fair can be,
But her T. O. T. L. is even fairer than she,
And down deep in our hearts is a red hot spot
To the T. O. T. L., the whole lovely lot.

For T. O. T. L. is dainty and clever and witty
And vivacious and spicy and studious and pretty.
On the list of bright girls she's away up above,
And even above that she's
T-he (very) O-ne T-o L-ove.

So here's to her life, its gold and its grey,
To the gold of its morning, the grey of its day.
And when life at last is over with its manifold whirls
To the roll call up yonder add T. O. T. L. girls.

The French Club

OFFICERS.

MYRTLE BOULDIN	President
ELIZABETH ABERNATHY	Vice President
EULALIA HARWELL, LUCILLE JONES	Programme Committee

MEMBERS.

ELIZABETH ABERNATHY	MAMIE MADRAY
MYRTLE BOULDIN	THACKER LEE MURPHY
ALICE BELSER	MIRIAM MASON
ANNIE CLARKE	BIRDIE MILLER
ELIZABETH EGGLESTON	EULALIA HARWELL
JOSEPHINE EGGLESTON	ELIZABETH RUSSELL
LILLIE REID GRIGSBY	SALLIE DALY REAVIS
LUCILLE JONES	LESSIE GREY TACKER

Naughty Nine

MOTTO: "Where there is a will there is a way."

FLOWER: *Daisy*

COLOR: Cream and Gold

OFFICERS.

President	- - - - -	CHARLINE CHERRY
Vice President	- - - - -	MARY CLARKE JONES
Secretary	- - - - -	JOSEPHINE PATTERSON
Treasurer	- - - - -	ADELAIDE SEVIER

YELL.

Cheer for the Cream and Gold,
Waving forever;
Flag of the "Naughty Nine"—
May it droop never.
We'll sing a song for that flag to-day
Cheer for the club at play,
On to success we'll fight our way for Martin.

MEMBERS.

CHARLINE CHERRY
FANNIE LOU WINDHAM
LUCILE WALKER
ADELAIDE SEVIER
BERTHA WELLER

MYRTLE McGEE
MARY CLARKE JONES
FELICIA PATTERSON
JOSEPHINE PATTERSON





E. M. R.'s

MOTTO:

"We may live without books,
But civilized men can not live without cooks."

FLOWER: Butter and Egg

COLOR: White and Gold

PASS WORD: "Eine derachten."

TIME OF MEETING: When teachers are out.

Members

Members	Nickname	Official Position
Winnie Allen	"Bravo"	Chief Kook
Joana Bransford	"Joe"	Dish Washer
Creola Baird	"Crete"	Chief Buyer
Elizabeth Russell	"Beth"	Door Keeper
Elsie Petway	"Pet"	Scrap Eater
Elise Doss	"Happy"	Joker
Ola Crawford	"Muzzer"	Spy
Elsie McCord	"Cord"	Water Carrier



The Frivolous Flirts

MOTTO: Swift, Swifter, Swiftest.

COLOR: Complexion pink and eye-brow black.

FLOWER: Tu-lips.

SONG: "Never flirt and you'll be lonesome."

ALICE BELSER - - - - Ring Leader

ELIZABETH EGGLESTON - - - - (D. H. Rider)

MARY WIKLE - - - - (H. C. Jester)

BESS BELSER—flag(a)man.

JULIA P. EGGLESTON—naughty eyes.

MAGGIE GRAY—watchman.

JOSEPHINE EGGLESTON—heart smasher.

FRANCES JACKSON—chief flirter.





MEMBERS.

Laughing, merry, ruling eyes;
I guess I'll have to put you wise—
Surely 'tis Lillian Johnson.

"Honey" this and "honey" that,
Always fussing about her hat,
Do come on, Bessie.

She's really so tiny she's hard to be seen,
But she'll make herself known in this world, I ween—
'Tis Margaret Howard.

Fell in love at very first sight—
Although by our rule it isn't right,
Aren't you ashamed, Leah Parker?

Loyal to her beau—not,
Dreaming of her future lot,
Wake up, Treasurer.

Dashing and daring, a tremendous coquette,
Between them she hasn't decided yet—
No one but Ruth.

Beau-Not Club

MOTTO: Above all things—
Don't flirt.

COLORS: Red and Gray.

FLOWER: Bachelor-button.

Secretary and Treasurer - GLADYS VOORHIES



Der Deutsche Verein

ALBERTA WILSON

CHLOE DEATON

MARY JO HARWELL

EUGENIA MCKNIGHT

OLA CRAWFORD

ELIZABETH ABERNATHY

NORA SHAW



The Rook Club

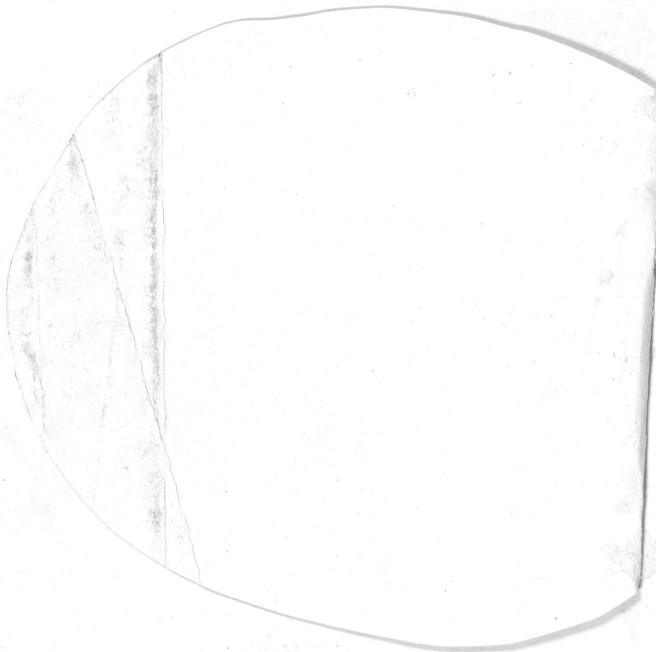
EUGENIA MCKNIGHT

MARGARET HOWARD

RUTH HARRELL

NORA SHAW

LEAH PARKER



THE HUMAN LEMON.

LESSIE GREY TACKER	- - - - -	Giver
MARY MARCH	- - - - -	Squeezer
ALBERTA WILSON	- - - - -	Accused
MAGGIE MAUD COX	- - - - -	Taker
JOSEPHINE EGGLESTON	- - - - -	Taker
JULIA SHRIVER	- - - - -	Directress
ALICE BELSER	- - - - -	Sympathizer
"H. C."	- - - - -	Mascot

The Kandy Kids



MAGGIE GRAY

ELIZABETH EGGLESTON

BESSIE BELSER

JULIA PLUMMER EGGLESTON

THACKER LEE MURPHY

ALICE BELSER

SARAH MAIE GRAVLEE

JOSEPHINE EGGLESTON

FRANCES JACKSON

MARY WIKLE





School Statistics

[Some true, some (?).]

Best all-round girl—Myrtle Bouldin.
Prettiest girl—Elsie Petway.
Biggest flirt—Lucile Heriges.
Biggest sport—Susye Adkins.
Biggest eater—Pauline Swann.
Prettiest hair and eyes—Charline Cherry.
Jolliest Junior—Elizabeth Eggleston.
Most serious Senior—Gladys Roberts.
Freshest Freshman—Edna Simpson.
Most popular—Creola Baird.
Silliest Sophomore—Mary Wikle.
Best musician—Sallie Daly Reavis.
Best singer—Ruth Smith.
Best artist—Mary March.
Teachers' pet—Sarah Smith.
Best student—Elizabeth Abernathy.
Most stylish—Alice Swiney.
Biggest monkey—Frances Jackson.
Laziest loafer—Rathma Clark.
Biggest bluffer—Maggie Gray.
Sweetest disposition—Frances Hampton.
Biggest talker—Lessie Grey Tacker.
Biggest baby—Mary Clark Jones.
The goody-good—Mamie Madray.





Masterpieces

Sunday comes but once a week
At which time we do not have "steek".

MR. WYNN.

Grits and gravy three times a day,
Oh! how fat we'll be in May!

EULALIA HARWELL.

On Tuesday the boys go to town,
At which time the girls are out looking around.
FLORENCE PENNINGTON.

Silently one by one, in the note-books of the teachers,
Blossomed the little Zeros, forget-me-nots of the Seniors.
ALICE BELSER.

Listen, friends! I wish to say
That on the Sabbath day—
Let me tell you what I mean,
We do not have pudding but ice cream.

MR. WYNN.

On Tuesday when the sausages are hot
We always have desert, apricot.

MR. WYNN.

Come to Martin,
Be sure to come quick;
Eat all the hash and grits
And you'll never be sick.

S. D. R.

"ETIQUETTE."

On Friday evening dinner,
When we all dress up swell,
Mr. Wynn condescends to say—
"We look very well";
While Mrs. Wynn watches our every act,
And warns us to use proper "*edicate*."



Jokes and Roasts



Mr. Woodard (at Sunday-school)—How did Esther get to be queen?

Lizzie Wilson—I suppose she married the king.

Lessie Grey Tacker—Sallie Emma, you have a pretty name.

Sallie Emma—So glad you like it, but Jim wants me to change it since Mr. Wynn talks about me so much.

Phi Kappa Sec'y—Answer to roll-call with name of an American General.

Thacker Lee Murphy—Napoleon Bonaparte.

Sec'y—Next week you must answer with the name of a Bible character.

Thacker Lee—I don't like that; everyone will say "Jesus wept."

Junior—Mr. Wynn, what is the meaning of *shoon* in line ten?

Mr. Wynn—*Shoon* is the plural of *shoes*.

Freshman—Teacher, what is the difference between poultry and chicken?

Teacher—There is no difference.

Freshman—Well, when I take chickenpox will I have poultrypox, too?

Teacher—Be quiet—that's enough.

Miss Pellitier—Elise Doss, what kind of man would we say Ivanhoe was, if he were living today?

Elise—I would say he was a Jellybean.

Teacher (hearing "Jesus Lover of My Soul")—I wish you would listen to that rag. I'll tell Mr. Wynn.

Eulalia Harwell (to Donna Bruce)—Give me Tennyson's idea of evolution.

Donna—Well, let me see—Tennyson fought in the Evolutionary War.

Eulalia—No, I didn't say revolution, I said *evolution*.

Donna—Well, that is talked of in Geography.

Eulalia—No, it isn't.

Ruth Smith—Oh, I know the Evolutionary War is spoken of in Geology.

Donna—Well, where's that dictionary at?

Lessie Grey Tacker (to Maggie Maud Cox in Senior History class)—Name me four generals of the Revolution.

Maggie Maud—Napoleon, Lee, Grant and Washington.

Elizabeth Montgomery—Miss Wilson, I don't see how you ever learned so much about Latin.

Miss Wilson—Pshaw, if I'd had as good a teacher as my class has I would have known a whole lot more than I do. Don't you see?

Lucile Hunter declares she is suffering with mildewed heels. Ask Ruth Smith why the boys have ceased to walk on Flower Street.

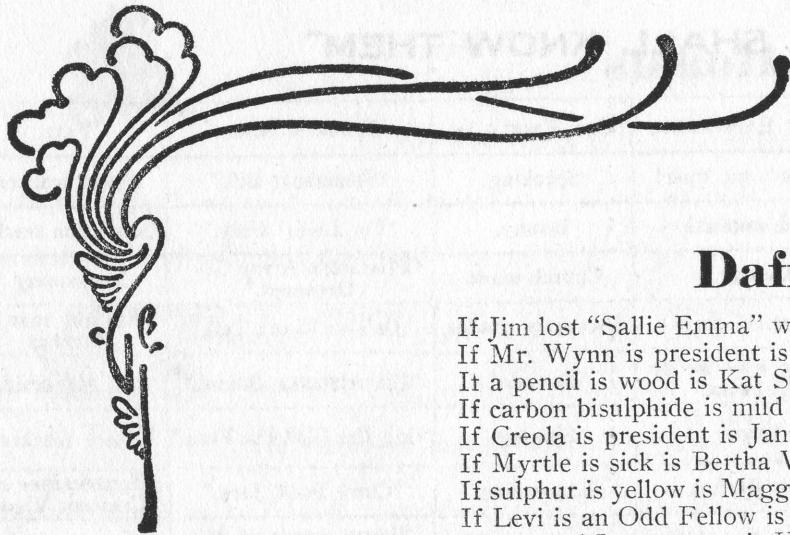
Sallie Daly Reavis (at table)—I don't like Harmony.

Lizzie Wilson—Oh! I do, this is home made.

Ruth Smith—What is the Deity?

Annie Clark—Do you mean in French?

Ruth—Oh, the Deity that Mr. Morgan talks about so much.



Daffodils

If Jim lost "Sallie Emma" would Lucille Hunt"er"?
If Mr. Wynn is president is Mildred King?
It a pencil is wood is Kat Stone?
If carbon bisulphide is mild is Adelaide Sevier?
If Creola is president is Janie Porter?
If Myrtle is sick is Bertha Weller?
If sulphur is yellow is Maggie Gray?
If Levi is an Odd Fellow is Mari-a Mason?
If you and I are wrong is Helen Wright?
If Sarah is treasurer is Birdie Miller?
If a dollar is ten dimes is Beulah Nichols?
If a "wild goose" is a plum is Charline-a Cherry?
If Miss Smith lost her way would Hill Turn"er"?
If Mary tore off a strip would Lessie Grey Tack"er"?
If Miss Wilson is a teacher is Juli-a Plummer?
If 2×6 equals 12 is Anna Mae Moore?
If Mr. Wynn asked a question would Edith Ponder?
If "Libber's" spring suit didn't fit would Hal Taylor?
If Granville Taylor played a two step would Mary March?
If the baby was sick would Lucille Walk"er"?

"BY THESE THINGS YE SHALL KNOW THEM"

NAME.	CHIEF OCCUPATION.	NICKNAME.	FAVORITE EXPRESSION.	SHE EXCELS IN	FAVORITE SONG.	FATE.
RACHEL AYMETTE.	Playing piano.	Papa's Baby.	Now don't git rash!	Speaking.	"Steamboat Bill."	Music teacher.
CREOLA BAIRD.	Lounging.	Baby Doll.	Plague take it!	Beauty.	"I'm Livin' Easy."	Expression teacher.
MYRTLE BOULDIN.	Running from her teacher.	Our Angel.	By George!	Church work.	"Pharaoh's Army Got Drowned."	Missionary.
ALICE BELSER.	Loafing.	Slim Jim.	Oh, beautiful faces!	Chemistry grades.	"Daisies Won't Tell."	An old man's darling.
ANNIE CLARK.	Barn dancing.	Humpty Dumpty.	That's the way we do in Alabama.	Elocutin'	"I'm Alabama Bound."	An old maid.
OLA CRAWFORD.	Fussing about her teacher.	Muzzer.	By jings!	Singing.	"Gee, I'm Glad I'm Free."	Voice teacher.
LILLIE REID GRIGSBY.	Pressing brick.	Tootsie Wootsie.	It's just darling.	Expression.	"Come Back, Jack."	Housekeeper at Crescent View.
EULALIA HARWELL.	Watching her Cole.	Carter's Encyclopaedia.	For Carter's sake!	Knowledge.	"Jesus, Lover of My Soul."	A professor's wife.
FRANCIS KINZER.	Smiling.	Bright Eyes.	Nobb knows.	Music.	"Gee, I Wish I Had a Beau."	Music teacher.
THACKER LEE MURPHY.	Buying kisses.	Thack.	How perfectly gorgeous!	Making candy.	"Come Git Me, Loyd."	Pharmacist.
JANIE PORTER.	Painting.	Sookey Doodle.	Fiddle sticks!	Art.	"Come, Let's Paint Our Future."	Photographer.
GLADYS ROBERTS.	Boasting.	Abomination.	Well, my goodness!	Bragging.	"I've Been Looking for a Pal Like You."	Society belle.
SALLIE DALY REAVIS.	Watching the Mays pass.	May's Magic Musician.	I don't think it's fair.	Primping.	"You're as Welcome as the Flowers in May."	May bride.
ELISE SMITH.	Flirting.	Mocking Bird.	I'll be Braley if I do!	French.	"In the Land of Orange Blossoms."	Farmer's wife.
MAE SIMPSON.	Primping.	Sugar Plum.	Golly!	Painting.	"I Love You Truly."	Old maid.
IRENE SCALES.	Posing.	Beautiful.	I'll be John Browned!	Cuteness.	"Oh, You Beautiful Doll!"	French teacher.
ELIZABETH RUSSELL.	Keeping quiet hour.	Lib.	Golly!	Goodness.	"Living Ain't Like Nothin', Babe, When You're Gone."	Minister's wife.

From Some Examination Papers

In Mr. Wynn's Bible Class.

Tell of man's sin and its consequences.

Edna Simpson—Eve bit the apple, Adam ate it and the consequence was he died.

In Miss Moore's Ancient History class.

Who was Lycurgus?

Sammie Smith—That was an organization of the Helots.

Robbie Cooley—That was a battle.

In Miss Mason's Spelling Class.

Spell these words and use them correctly in a sentence—

Obnoxious:

Example—The minister is an *obnoxious* person.

Impediment:

Man's greatest *impediment* is his wife.

The *impediments* in the water make it very healthy.

Propensity:

The house had a *propensity* to hang toward the ground.

The *propensity* of the girl to her mother was lovely.

Melancholy means very amusing and full of music.

Cohesion:

The teachers certainly do *cohesion*.

The molasses are *cohesion* to the knife.

Massey and Martin sure believe in *cohesion*.

Exigency:

Her *exigency* to go to school was great.

I shall receive no *exigency* on exam.

The girl had an *exigency* way of talking.

Reimburse:

The teacher *reimbursed* him by whipping him for ignorance.

Refractory:

The doll was *refractory*.

Function:

It is a *function* to study hard.

Municipal:

The girl is *municipal* to her brother.

Shakespeare's Heroes

HERE are no characters in literature better worth becoming acquainted with than Shakspeare's heroes. Among them we find men of all dispositions, from the young noble, Orlando to the crafty unloved Shylock. We sympathize with Macbeth while we almost loathe him at times, for he is so selfish, weak, and ambitious. When we see the great Julius Caesar become superstitious and yield to flattery, we are pained. We can not but pity the unhappy, sensitive Hamlet. The chief attraction in the study of Shakspeare's heroes is the fact that they are so real; we can but rejoice when they are happy, weep when they weep, and meditate upon the vast problems which worry them.

Shylock is a character whom few honor, but all pity. Shylock, as a devout Jew, was treated with the greatest contempt by the Christians. He bitterly resented such treatment from the "lost Gentiles," and, as a usurer, he was unmerciful. But Shylock was not altogether heartless; he was really grieved when his daughter, Jessica, left his home. It is hard to imagine a sadder picture than the now poor, bitter, lonely, old Shylock, as he leaves the court room after the trial.

In marked contrast to the wretched, crafty Shylock stands the noble, frank Orlando. External, material adversity came to Orlando; but the young, hopeful, and innocent hero was not conquered. As a lover, he was ardent, devoted, and passionate; as a friend, he was gracious and faithful, as a brother, he was loving and forgiving. The rare manliness of his character is shown in his rescue of his brother, who had been very unkind to him. Orlando is Shakspeare's "Good Samaritan."

Macbeth possessed in his nature the elements of possible honor and loyalty, but he yields to temptation and, having always been selfishly ambitious, he gradually goes to ruin. When first tempted by the evil genius of his life, Lady Macbeth, to commit the murder of Duncan, and sneered at because of his hesitation he gave the noble answer:

"I dare do all that may become a man,
Who dares do more is none."

But he was morally weak and, having once yielded, he went on from crime to crime. The fear of punishment tended to hold him back from the first murder but when that was committed this same fear urged him on until slaughter became the habit of his reign. The gallant soldier has become almost brutelike in his loveless and joyless existence. Macbeth's life was a failure because he lacked moral courage.

Julius Caesar was a man of great mental vigor. We know, from passages in various works of Shakspeare, that he appreciated the greatness of this great man, but in *Julius Caesar* it is his weakness, not his strength, that is insisted upon. He is weak in body and mind, influenced by superstition, yields to flattery, considers himself almost superhuman, loses his knowledge of human nature and his ability to act quickly and wisely. Although he is bodily weak, his spirit rules even after his death as it haunts the little band of conspirators.

Hamlet is the only scholar among Shakspeare's characters. He is disqualified for action on account of his excessive reflective meditating, and his unstable will, which is sometimes completely inactive and sometimes very energetic. His sensitiveness is painfully shocked by the hasty second marriage of his mother, which embitters his whole nature. Later he finds out that his father was murdered, and the task of avenging the crime is laid on him. He becomes very melancholy and all of life grows dark and sad to him. He knows that he is surrounded by spies; to baffle them, and to seclude his true self, he assumes madness. Ophelia he regards as no more loyal to him than Gertrude has been to the dead King. After her death he arouses himself from his melancholy to the play of the swords with Laertes, and at the last, with almost superhuman strength, he kills the wicked king. The character of Hamlet stands alone. He is admired, not for his strength of will or passion, but for his refinement of thought and sentiment.

Shakspeare drew his characters from almost every walk of life. His heroes are not gods, but are distinctly human for he never fails "to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature."

LUCILLE TURNER.

A Student's Opinion of a Faculty Meeting

Mr. Wynn—Now I hope in this meeting you will tell me all that you have heard of, or seen the girls doing. Miss Moore, may I hear from you first?

Miss Moore—Well, Mr. Wynn, my class in American History is not working hard enough. I only give them twenty-five pages and about fifteen or twenty references to look up and they don't half get them.

Mr. Wynn—The girls will just have to quit going shopping if they can not get up their work.

Miss Wilson—While tipping about in the hall Sunday afternoon I heard some girls talking through the wall when they should have been reading their Bibles. And the girls in room number six don't know how to pronounce their French verbs.

Miss Sallie Shapard—Mr. Wynn, the news is going over town that the girls are carrying biscuits to their rooms, from the table. I think this should be stopped. Some girls—some of the larger girls—sitting on the lower side of the campus criticized Dr. —, Monday when he passed.

Mr. Wynn—Miss Sallie, I thank you for your suggestion. I think I will make a dead line twenty feet from the fence.

Mrs. Wynn—I just want to ask the teachers if they have seen any girl carrying biscuits to the dormitory floors. Some girls asked me Friday what kind of waists they would wear with their uniform skirts and I told them it would be white waists, it would be white waists today, white waists to-morrow, white waists this year and white waists next year and as long as we were at Martin College it would be white waists. I hope the teachers will see that this rule is carried out.

Miss Mason—When there is snow on the ground the girls at the Senior Home knock over chairs and tables to attract the attention of the passing boys.

Mr. Wynn—I shall suggest to the young gentlemen that they not travel that street and—

William (running in)—Daddy, daddy, the girls are just a-jiggin' up stairs.

Mr. Wynn—William, go on out while Papa is talking.

William, (going out backward)—Well, Daddy, they're jiggin'.

Mrs. Cannon—I found about a dozen girls on the third floor doing exactly the same thing last Thursday, when they were supposed to have been studying. I sent them to the office, gave them twenty demerits each, besides thirteen pages of Latin to copy.

Mr. Wynn—Well, the ragtime music must stop.

Miss Bouldin—There is too much talking and too many school books left in the library.

Miss DeWald—There is some girl who brings an alarm clock to study hall every night and it is so annoying.

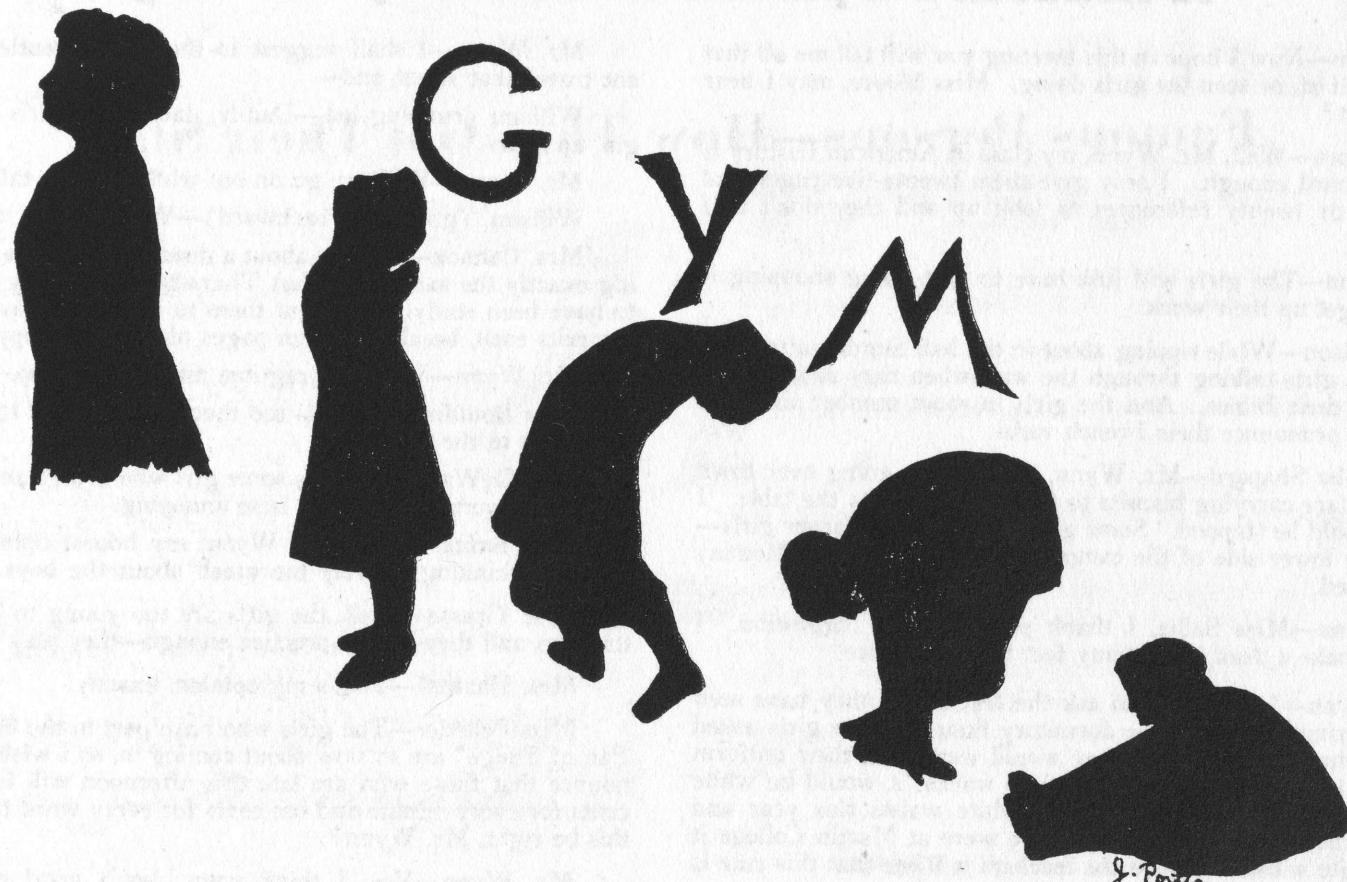
Miss Smith—Well, Mr. Wynn, my honest opinion is that the girls are thinking entirely too much about the boys.

Prof. Grasse—Well, the girls are too young to be flirting with the boys and they do not practice enough—they play too many rags.

Mrs. Harwell—That's my opinion, exactly.

Miss Pelletier—The girls who have part in the little play—"The Pan of Fudge" are so slow about coming in, so I wish you would announce that those who are late this afternoon will have to pay five cents for every minute and ten cents for every word they miss. Will this be right, Mr. Wynn?

Mr. Wynn—Yes, I think your idea a good one. Now I'm choosing my words, I don't believe the girl who is late at her work, careless about her practice, or who goes home the day before school closes will ever be a neat housekeeper—that's exactly the word I meant to use. Supper is ready.



J. Porter
1712.

Famous Persons—How They Got Their Start

Miss Lelia May Boothe, Pulaski's star-painter, when a small girl, tried for several hours to replace a falling star.

Miss Lucile Jones, a world famed Latin scholar and a teacher at Martin College, had read Caesar when she went to school the first day.

Miss Florence Gilbert, Prospect's greatest flirt, once pulled the "Nobb" through the door at Martin College when a teacher came in sight.

Miss Mary Eliza Montgomery, manager of the Pulaski Brick Pressing Co., began at her sixth birthday to stroll up College street with her "Jim".

Penina Orr, the most precise old maid school teacher at Bryant Station, always expressed a desire to be like her Latin teacher at Martin College. However it is the common opinion of her friends, that some day "when ships come home" some one, perhaps a Coker, will land to claim the "cozy corner of her heart" prepared for him.

Mrs. Bessie Jackson Sutton, a charming bride of December, 1911, frequently talked with her "so called brother" at 460R, when under the rules of Martin College.

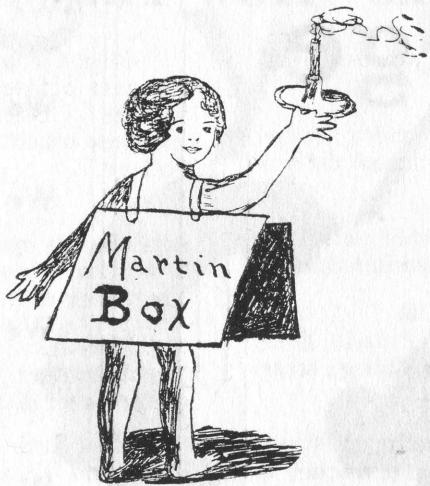
Miss Cleopatra Potts, a famous lawyer, won much fame when she gave before a large audience "The Characteristics of the M. C. Faculty." She also received many bright ideas from the stump speeches which her teacher used to make on the campus of Martin College.

Miss Ellen Jenkins, one of Lincoln County's skilled musicians, says she has never regretted the answer she gave "Jim." She came to Martin, completed her course in music and found (as she had told Jim) there were still plenty of "pebbles on the beach."

Miss Alma Holt, "a musician indeed in whom is no thought of leaving mother," has always been loved both far and near on account of her sweet disposition.

Miss Ruth Hunter, who is making a success at the head of the Piano and Vocal Departments of Music in the Kenley High School at Kenley, N. C., determined while at M. C. to spend the days singing till some mother will say "thy Wilson."

Miss Leona Head, a low but nevertheless an important music teacher at Daleville, Ala., might never have been noticed but for the fact that instead of going about with an organ and monkey, she attracted attention with a piano and a *Campbell*.



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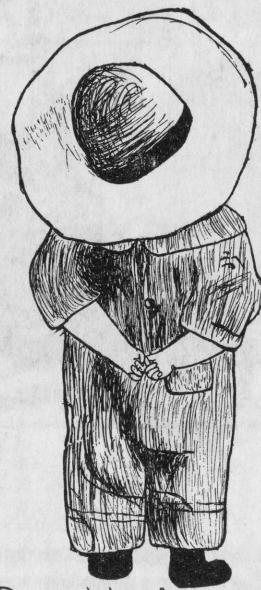


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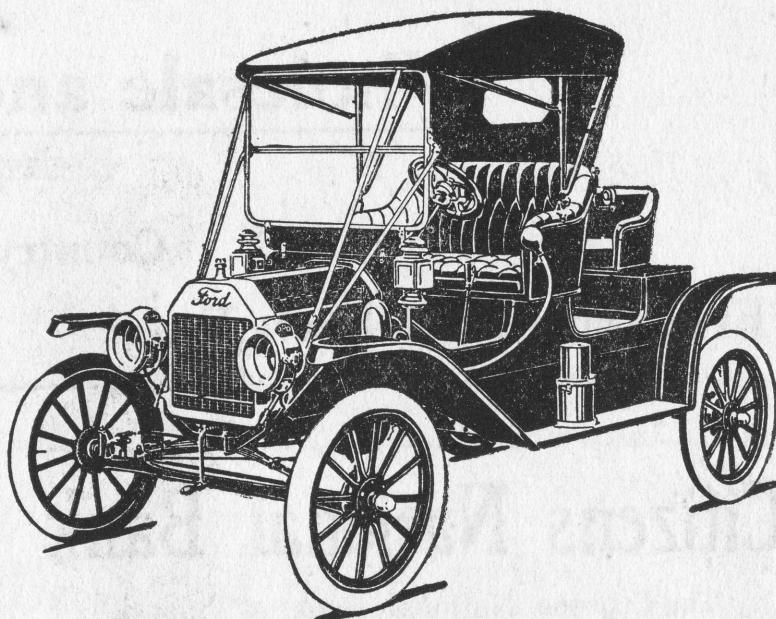
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